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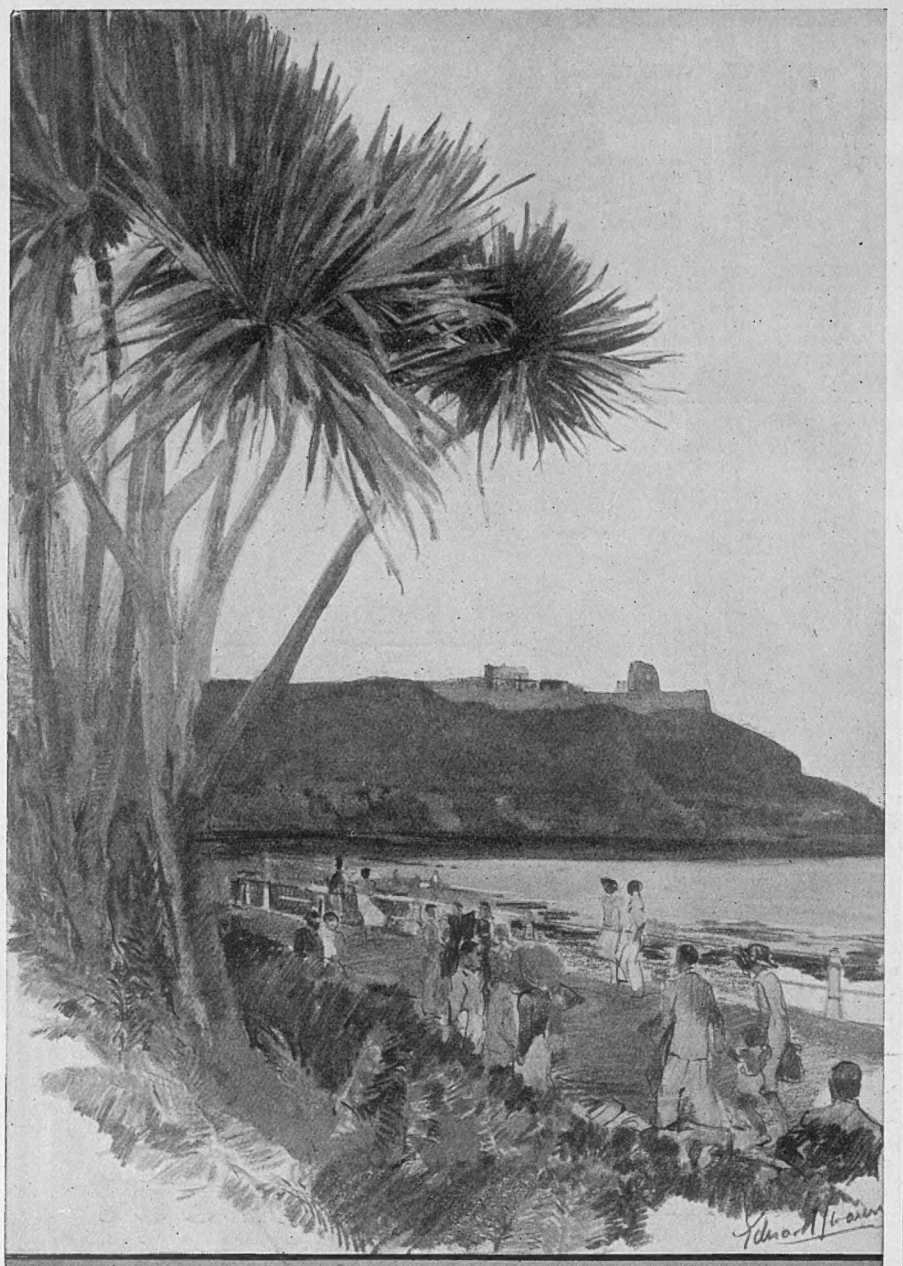

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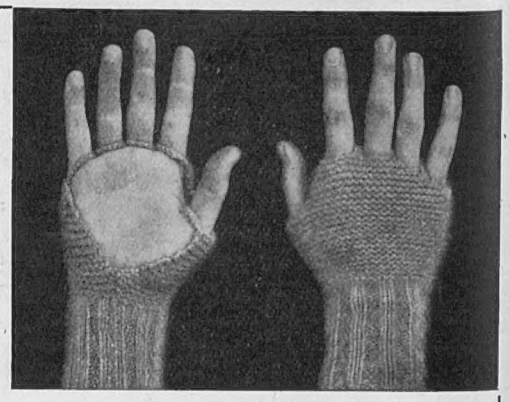

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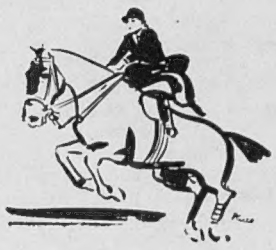

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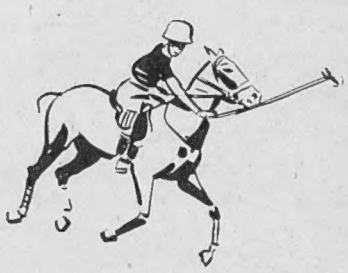

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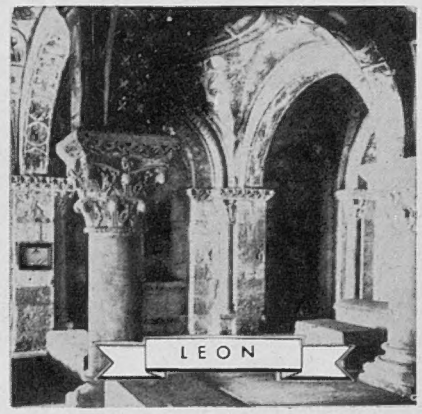

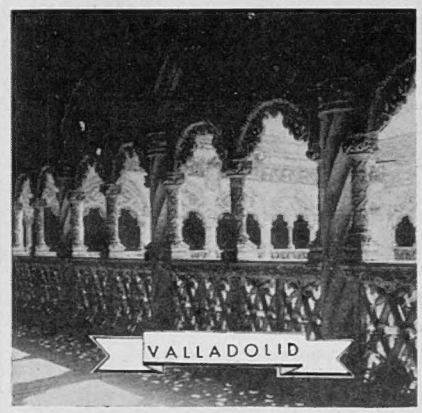

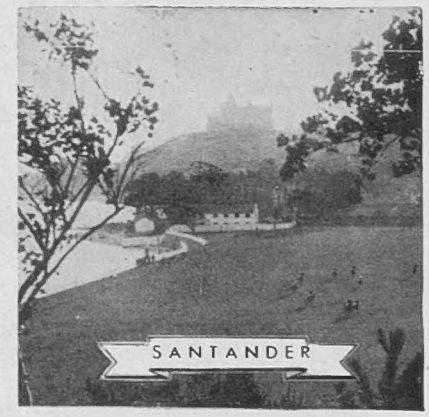

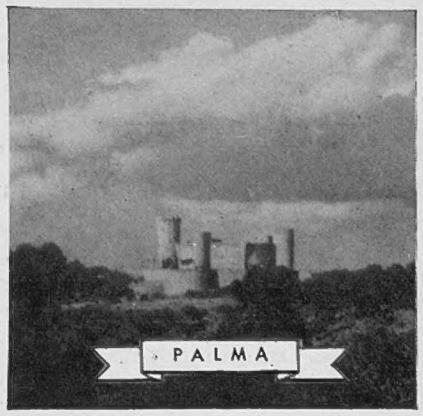

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SOCIETY

CHRISTMAS

Causes Deserving

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children which has helped over 4,000,000 ill-treated little ones exists to prevent cruelty—not to punish parents or others who are cruel to children. Its work calls for infinite patience, infinite tact, and the assurance of unfailing public support. Readers having sympathy with this cause should send their gifts to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., the N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C. 2.

* * *

Dr. Barnardo's Homes were founded sixty-eight years ago, and since that time 116,000 children have passed through them, while at the present moment alone 8,500 are being cared for. The homes have come to play such an important part in the relief of destitution among children that any curtailment of their activities at this juncture would be disastrous. On an average five children, most of them infants, are admitted daily and, being admitted, are assured once and for all of proper attention and a decent start in life. This is a big responsibility, and the organization of the homes, and above all the liveliness of the inmates, never fail to impress those who have an opportunity of seeing them at close range.

The chief concern at the moment in all the cottages, households, hospitals, boarding-out centres, and other branches scattered about the country is to make Christmas the time of real happiness for the children that it should be. It is the great landmark in their year, and they start looking forward to it eagerly when it is still months ahead. Any subscription that you send, therefore, will do something towards transforming that anticipation into fulfilment. The address for parcels and cheques is Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E. 1.

* * *

The science of health has achieved more in recent years than ever before, but cancer still remains a grim and malignant enemy stalking in our midst. By helping those of its victims who are patients at the **Cancer Hospital** you would not only be performing the primary good office of giving help where help is needed, but contributing something towards the ultimate conquest of the disease. Apart from the research work being carried out in the laboratories, poor patients enjoy the benefit of the most up-to-date appliances and skilled attention without any charge, and there is even a certain number of beds reserved for those who, although incurable, may yet be relieved of suffering in their last days. Any subscription will be fully appreciated. The address is Fulham Road, S.W.

* * *

To all children Christmas is the outstanding festival of the year, and those 4,500 young people in the care of the **Waifs and Strays Society** are certainly no exception. Already there have been unmistakable signs of a growing fever of anticipation—an eager anticipation which will be uppermost in these young hearts and minds until the joyful day arrives. There are thoughts of Father Christmas, plum puddings, and mince pies, toys, crackers—in fact all the things children love. But the fulfilment of their hopes is a matter for real concern to the Society in these days. To be father and mother to a family of 4,500 is no easy task, and the Society's income permits only of bare necessities. Will you, at the Festival of Childhood, think of the children, and send a donation, however small, to the Secretary, Waifs and Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11.

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Please help us to help such as these.

In twelve seasons the League has definitely enabled 13,817 men to take up work, in addition to employing 1,732 itself on special constructive schemes of its own.

We guarantee that all money sent in direct response to this advertisement will be wholly expended in wages.

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The Hon. Treasurer,
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Winter Distress League,
23 Bedford Row,
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Tel.: Chancery 7140.

Supposing Santa doesn't come?

BUT there is a *greater tragedy* for a little child than the loss of Christmas joys—the deprivation of health and happiness. This is happening not in one or two cases, but in many tens of thousands of little lives each year.

THE N·S·P·C·C

through its 263 "Children's Men" is saving, on an average, FOUR children every FIVE minutes, from brutality and neglect. The Society pleads for your help at this time.

Please send a Christmas Donation

to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., or to Wm. J. Elliott, Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. (Chairman: The Viscount Ullswater, G.C.B.)

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KINDNESS

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* * *

The **Church Army** is appealing for subscriptions to their Christmas Hamper Fund. Every year they provide Christmas cheer for many poor families for whom this season would otherwise be only a time of bleakness. They arrange treats and parties that bring infinite pleasure into the lives of those who dwell in the shadow of poverty, and infuse a new spirit of hope in the hearts of those who might otherwise forget everything but hopelessness. Ten families can be provided with Christmas food for £5, and each 10s. parcel contains sufficient to last a family of five or six over the Christmas festival. Send any donations you can spare to Prebendary Carlisle, C.H., D.D., at Church Army Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

* * *

Perhaps the section of the work of the **East End Mission** best known to the public is that which concerns itself with the welfare of slum children. Every winter about 50,000 are provided with good breakfasts so that they may start the day well with hunger satisfied. Each breakfast costs only 3d.; not a great sum for so great a benefit. Christmas "Treats" are given to 15,000 boys and girls, and they are "Treats" indeed—a long entertainment, a big bag of "goodies," and, perhaps best of all, a toy of his or her own choosing. Each treat costs 2s. and is keenly anticipated, enjoyed, and remembered. To help to pay for all this contributions will be gladly received by the Superintendent, the Rev. Percy Ineson, and should be addressed to Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Road, London, E.1.

* * *

In twelve years the **Winter Distress League** has employed 1,732 men and helped 13,817 others to get work—a record of which it may well be proud. First and foremost the League provides practical and useful employment for which it pays at trade union rates, and the greater part of the funds entrusted to it is disbursed in this way. During the past two years it has co-operated with various bodies in reclaiming waste lands for allotments, etc., the men undertaking the heavy preliminary work of clearing and preparing the ground, which is then handed over to the responsible local bodies. The League also supplies, and pays the wages of, men to act as stewards of Unemployed Club Centres, while not the least of its many activities is the sending of children suffering from malnutrition to country cottage homes for sufficiently long periods to enable them to regain their spirits, a rapid process, and to build up their undermined health. Needless to say, all this costs money, and the more gifts that are forthcoming the more men can the League save from the misery of a workless existence. Contributions should be sent to the Winter Distress League, 23, Bedford Row, London, W.C. 1.

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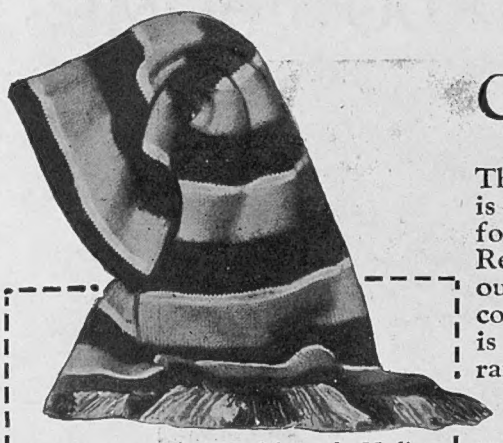

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O.348 : cosy Dressing Gown in quilted art. satin ; hand-stitched ; extremely light and very warm. Colours : dark rose, light rose, red, dark green, saxe ; all lined self colour. Black lined rose ; black lined saxe. **15/-**

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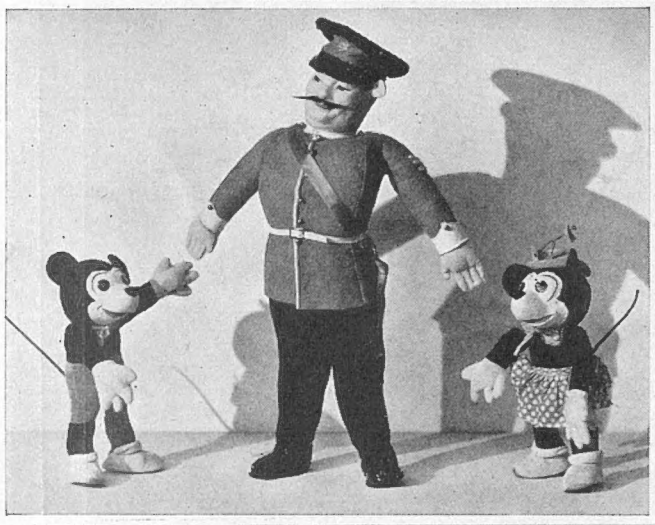

C.F. 49. The ever-popular **Mickey Mouse,** in Velvet. **4/9**
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Christmas Bazaar—First Floor.

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Above.
A Charming Little Gift
Doggy Bag with zip pocket. British make.
6/6

Handbags, Street Floor

Photo above.
Very distinctive and very smart. Suede Pochettes. Black, brown, navy. British make. *Each style* **15/9**
Initial 1/6 extra.

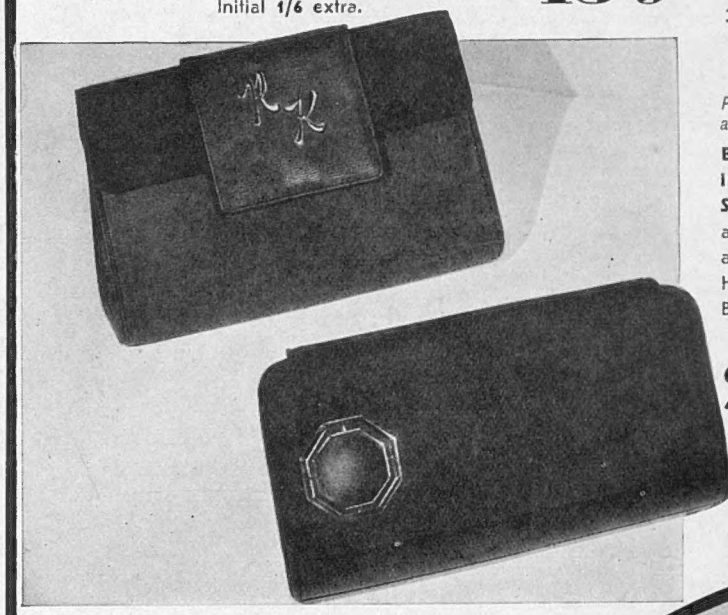


Photo at left.
Beautiful style in Calf and Suede with attached purse and mirror. Has silk lining. British made.
Each style
21/9

The 'Airflo' Compact

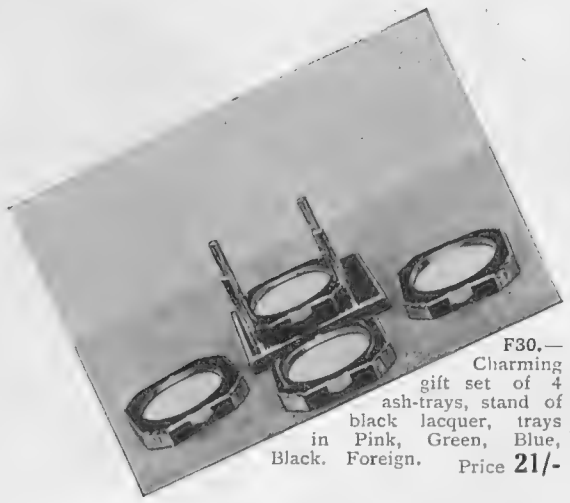
is the gift for women who appreciate the newest. Choice of three charming styles—all extremely chic.

8/6 (c) Lacquer Airflo in red, blue, green, shell, black.

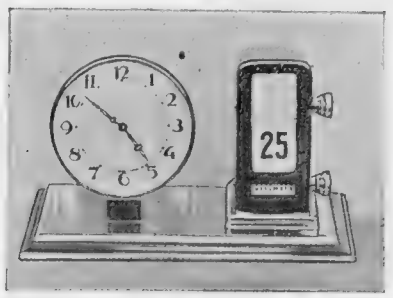
10/6 (a) Airflo of ivory with marcasite motif. Red, blue, green, shell, black.

16/6 (b) Exquisite style with petit point—various colours.

Art Jewellery—Street Floor



F30.—Charming gift set of 4 ash-trays, stand of black lacquer, trays in Pink, Green, Blue, Black. Foreign. Price **21/-**



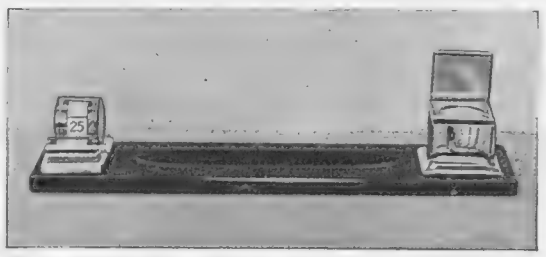
F31.—A gift to appeal is this handsome clock of Chromium with perpetual calendar complete with stand, 8½" in stand, 3¾" clock, 4" calendar. Foreign. Price **50/-**

F32.—Useful Gift. Gents' Dressing Case in cowhide with Zipp fastening fitted English Natural Ebony hair brush, unbreakable mirror, safety razor, shaving brush, etc., 5½" × 10". British. Price **21/-**

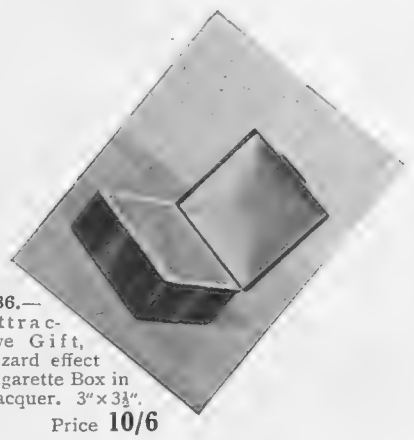
Gifts for Men at Woollands

F33.—The latest novelty Lighter, in Oxidized Metal, Windmill design. 5¼" high. Foreign. Price **15/9**

F34.—Novelty Ash-Tray, Ship of Chromium on wood base, glass ash-tray. 5" high. Foreign. Price **21/9**



F35.—Inkstand with perpetual calendar of Chromium on Block base 15" across. Foreign. Price **42/-**



F36.—Attractive Gift, Lizard effect Cigarette Box in Lacquer. 3" × 3½". Price **10/6**

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This Writing Attaché Case is of Ecrasé Leather, on a strong wooden foundation. Well fitted with blotter, all necessary pockets and flaps, quadrant hinges, two locks and keys. In Light Blue, Green, Brown, Pink. (12 × 8 ins.) **21/-**

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8 ins., 19/6; 10 ins., 22/6; 12 ins., 25/6

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Fire Screen and Table combined—a useful notion charmingly carried out here in shades of Green, Brown, Rose or Cream. The Cretonne top, covered with plate glass, is available in round shape (diameter 21 ins.) or square (21 ins.); height 30½ ins. **32/6**

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE LILY BRIDE OF WESTMINSTER

A Painting by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

A brilliant study of the Royal Bride—a tall, white figure of infinite grace—as she appeared when approaching the Chancel steps to take her place beside the Duke of Kent. She was holding a bouquet of lilies, and was wearing the magnificent tiara presented to her by the Queen

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3½d.

LONDON IN HOLIDAY MOOD: Crowds in beflagged and garlanded Bond Street on the evening of the Royal Wedding Day. Although this was the most thronged of all the streets, there were scenes almost comparable throughout the West End; while cinemas, restaurants, hotels, and cafés were packed to capacity up to a late hour

GALA NIGHT AT THE TIVOLI: The Prince of Wales received an enthusiastic welcome when he arrived at this cinema on Friday of last week to attend the première of the new Gaumont-British film, *The Iron Duke*, in which George Arliss plays the part of Wellington. The first performance was in aid of charity, and over £7,300 was raised for the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 5, 1934.

FROM PAGEANTRY TO POLITICS.—To turn from pageantry to politics is like taking off the flowered chintzes of summer and putting on the brown repps and velvets of winter. Prince Paul, Prince Regent of Yugoslavia, managed after all to get to London for his sister-in-law's wedding; yet I wondered all Thursday last whether he was able to dismiss thoughts of politics even for a few brief hours of light domestic revelry. There was nothing to learn from his face. We have known it for fifteen years, and it is on all occasions sad and thoughtful. For Yugoslavia—God knows with what justification and with what grave results—deliberately hurled a new challenge into the cockpit of Europe. And that day Austria and Hungary "were made friends together" in the face of a grave accusation against one and an obvious peril to both. And that day Rumania and Czechoslovakia ranged themselves alongside Yugoslavia, three units of the Little Entente, to see the thing through together. Turkey also, *à propos de bottes*, took up her stand with Yugoslavia. Italy cannot fail to be a factor in this ominous and terribly early reshuffling of the cards on the well-worn green baize, after the brief respite, which death so often brings, following the Marseilles murders. Italy has not escaped some share of the implications inherent in the accusations brought against Hungary. She regards as a vital concern of hers every movement of the cards in the everlasting game of Balkan politics, and only her key position has prevented her making a declaration on this new question as frank and uncompromising as those of the smaller countries. What a terrible embarrassment for the League.

HAVE WE KILLED OUR CHILD?—Years hence, when the history of the League of Nations is written in cool blood and detachment—whether it be a history of victory snatched from defeat or of glorious failure—I wonder whether the pundits will not be in agreement that the greatest handicap to success for the last hope for salvation and sanity in Europe was our enthusiasm for this new creation of a rusty civilization which was to emerge purified from the fire. We should not have suffered it to walk so early, to run before it had learned to walk. We thereby doomed it to bandy-legs. The League, with the articles of its covenant not only not comprehended but with the ink of their first drafting still wet, was called on to deal with fierce passions and furious disputes which no tribunal lacking the ultimate threat of effective (not necessarily military) sanctions could possibly deal with. In the sphere of international disputes its failure hitherto has been marked, as in the sphere of international social reforms its successes have revealed its worth and utility. For those who believe in the principle and pray for its survival, the embarrassments thrust upon it by its members have provoked incessant distress. With no weapons it has fought hopeless battles and gone down defeated; it has made bricks without straw, and its houses have crumbled in the first breeze. It has been terrible to watch the tragi-comedy of its handling of Far Eastern disputes, and of the Chaco dispute; it is sickening to see the weight of the Yugoslav invocation of Article 11 thrust on its poor back. If we had kept this great—this one-day inevitable—theory of a League of Nations, *strictly as a theory* until we had armed it and fortified it, and drilled and instructed it in the art of the new diplomacy, what should we have lost in progress towards peace and the outlawry of war? What should we not have gained in the direction of a permanent solution one day to those tragedies of civilization—the old diplomacy and the accepted arbitrament of force? Our excusable enthusiasm for the first healthily born child of our family has crippled that child and spoiled its promise. Have we turned it into a permanent invalid?

A UNIQUE DEBATE.—While the Empire was deliciously intoxicated with enthusiasm for the Royal Wedding, the House of Commons held a debate on national defence which in its nature and in its importance was almost without parallel in the history of Parliament in our times. Even with our modern fondness for exaggeration, the uniqueness of that debate initiated by Mr. Churchill has not yet been realized. The Press of Germany and Europe is beginning to point out to Englishmen, now "coming to" after their orgy of rejoicing and pageantry, the significance of that tremendous debate, which was indeed an enormous triumph for Mr. Churchill's uncompromising and courageous persistence in a policy which suddenly appears to all shades of political opinion to be after all more sane and patriotic than "blindly junker." What made that debate so unique? Several rare features. Firstly, its frankness. Germany was *named*. No longer was she described by an alias as a "European power." She was named by name as a protagonist in a new race for armaments who had been suffered to get too long a start, especially as regards Britain. The discoveries of our own Intelligence Department, that very secret organization, in regard to Germany's armament building and her military preparations, were made public by the Government. The Government's plans for meeting this military menace, and countering it, were frankly revealed. In spite of this naked frankness, no heated party criticism was aroused. Suddenly, incredibly, all sections of opinion in the House accepted the truth that a new race in armaments was absolutely inevitable until a first delimiting convention could be reached. And in spite of the appalling frankness with which the "German menace" was named and exposed, no party and no individual could reasonably declare that the facts stated convinced it or him of the imminence of a European war or of a military threat to Britain.

THE VERSAILLES TREATY STRIPPED NAKED.—No debate in our time, unless one or two in August 1914, ever blew away so much fog or revealed truth and fact in clearer outline. But certain grotesque proofs of the absurdities and frailties of international treaties and sanctions stand out in clear outline also. The debate declared from the housetops in a loud voice that the Treaty of Versailles is and always has been a "scrap of paper." Not because of its injustice, its blind absurdity, its senseless disregard of the all-important psychological factor in international relations, but because—as in the case of the League—of its lack of effective sanctions. In the case of the Versailles Treaty, the ultimate sanction to enforce its provisions was to be the united military and economic pressure of the victorious allies. That sanction ceased entirely to be effective in the smallest degree from the day on which the occupations of conquered territory came to an end. To-day the Treaty of Versailles has no more effective sanction than had Canute over the advancing tide. It has been so for some years, and yet during those humiliating years the "victorious allies" have not had the courage, the common sense, the sense of

A London Newsletter

humour, to cancel the worst of the absurdities it created, absurdities which have humiliated the victors far more than the vanquished. A unique situation clearly revealed at last by a debate unique in modern times.

THE LATEST ROYAL COMMISSION.—The latest Royal Commission "to enquire into the state of business in the King's Bench Division" does not so much (or at all) throw contempt on "the Law" for the Law's delays, as set the foolscap on the hesitancy of modern Government. Mr. MacDonald's conception of democratic government is to absolve the Government from every particle of responsibility and to throw on commissions the whole onus intended to be borne by our modern large and expensive Cabinets. If we are to believe the pundits of the Press the whole House received with the greatest satisfaction Mr. MacDonald's timely announcement. If that is so, the man in the street has a longer memory and a finer conception of efficiency and economy in government than the average M.P. and Minister. For the man in the street remembers that only the other day the state of business in the Law Courts and every aspect of legal procedure were exhaustively enquired into, witnesses being examined on every conceivable subject connected with judicial reform, and it was clearly recommended that additional judges were urgently needed, if the arrears were to be made up. There has been no increase in the number of K.B.D. judges for forty years; while the volume of litigation has increased continually, if not (since the War and during the slump) in spectacular fashion. Why, then, this new commission to travel once more expensively over the trodden ground? And the answer is that democratic government has by now completely lost the initiative of governing. It is a lost art. It has one and only one expedient for every pressing reform—to shelve responsibility, to squander still more precious time, to remain wobbling on the fence—in a word, to appoint another Royal Commission.

AN UNDIGNIFIED DOG-FIGHT.—I was glad when *The Times* closed that unlovely dog-fight which followed the publication of the latest volume of Mr. George's interminable War Memoirs. It is difficult to believe that any one of the letters on either side was written first and foremost in a sincere determination to ensure historical accuracy. For the letter from Professor Temperley, which gave the quietus to the snarlers and sent them to their kennels, contained no principles which men of ordinary education and intelligence have failed to appreciate. The truth concerning Haig's responsibility for the tragedy of Passchendaele will not be elicited with any certainty from negative evidence, nor from the statements of biassed writers, nor from "the letters of both officers and men" (who were fighting in the front line), nor indeed until the dead man (whose name is the bone of contention in the dog-fight) has been revealed in his own papers, and the "evidence for the defence" emerges at last under the skilled hands of Mr. Duff Cooper. This is not a theory, it is a commonplace. Mr. George knows it. But he was ever a fighter, and really revels in this peculiarly undignified form of dog-fight. Such hasty rebutters and rejoinders a trained historian would never indulge in, for he would appreciate the frailty of red-hot answers to serious criticism. As for the taunts, jibes, and repartees, these seem curiously unworthy of a great public servant and ex-Premier. But Mr. George is still a martyr to *nostalgie de la boue*.

DRESS FOR WAITERS AND DINERS.—I welcome the subject of dress for waiters as one for a Press symposium. While I do not object to the time-honoured livery of the trade on the score of the undesirability of the waiter being mistaken for the diner, I have always regarded the tail coat and boiled shirt as an unsuitable livery for the profession. Waiters in first-rate establishments would scornfully repudiate the suggestion that they might be mistaken for their patrons; for they well know how to put on evening clothes while four-fifths of their patrons do not. But that is a side issue. The livery of waiters should be altered because it is utterly unsuited to the tasks which waiters are called on to perform. It is highly vulnerable to chance splashings, it is not particularly easy wear for juggling feats, and it does not convey the idea of aptness and efficiency. Obviously the uniform of the ship- or railway-steward should be adopted and if necessary adapted to the conditions of restaurants standing on sure foundations. In my view the usual steward's mess jacket done in silver, whether of cloth, linen, or aeroplane fabric, and worn with a blue or scarlet high-buttoning waistcoat, with silver trousers, would be the ideal livery for waiters even in the smartest restaurants. The fabric, indeed, could be perfected so as to be easily cleanable with a sponge. The adoption of this suggestion would remove for ever from the profession the stains on its reputation as a whole; I mean those lamentable evidences of long-forgotten meals too often revealed on the large expanses of boiled shirt and on coat lapels and trousers. But while on this frivolous subject of evening dress, I cannot forbear to put in one more plea for a root and branch reform for men whether they sit and guzzle or stand and wait. Evening dress of ceremony may perhaps pass muster for balls and ceremonious gatherings; but the smoking jacket remains a monstrous survival of barbarism. Men are such cowards. I myself possess and wear on every possible occasion a double-breasted evening coat of dark plum-coloured velvet. In Scotland in the autumn it is everywhere received with rapture and regarded as utterly appropriate. In England I have to proceed with greater caution. I can only claim to have made four converts in three years, but I have made at least 300 men jealous and set them longing for the courage to follow my example. It is not only a change to comfort, warmth and ease (for the coat is admirably suited to a soft silk shirt); it is a change to colour and light, very much welcomed by all concerned. Indeed it is an aid to digestion, by the royal road of optimism and cheerfulness. The late pageantry of the Royal Wedding has reminded us all how dear and how necessary to our soul's well-being are colour and variety. Why must we sink back to sable and dinginess? Now is the time for men to show their courage and keep to colour as a permanent contribution to the gaiety of London.

KNIGHTS OF THE MOST ANCIENT ORDER OF THE THISTLE—the Order founded by James II in 1687 and dedicated to St. Andrew—walking in procession in their picturesque robes to the Thistle Chapel, Edinburgh, where they attended service on St. Andrew's Day. Left to right—Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel, the Earl of Leven, Sir Herbert Maxwell, the Earl of Elgin, Earl Home, Lord Elphinstone, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, and the Earl of Mar and Kellie

OXFORD LOOKS FOR A CREW: Reading from left—Mr. Guy Nicholls, Sir Reginald Rowe, Mr. L. Wormall, and Mr. C. M. Pitman—some of the Old Blues who followed the trial eights during their three-mile race from Marsh Lock to Hambledon Lock last Saturday. The contest was robbed of much of its usual interest as the eight most promising oarsmen did not take part, but they afterwards rowed over the course and put up a much better time than the winners

"GARDENING IN STONE."—There are many books on gardening published, but *Gardening in Stone*, by Edith G. Wheelwright, deals with a subject which is not given much space in most of them. Miss Wheelwright gives practical explanation of how to construct dry walls and how to lay down paved paths, the best soil to use, and the wise choice of suitable plants. Her book should be a great help to those who are trying a dry wall as an experiment, and to those who have such a wall and want new ideas for planting it. There are admirable lists of Alpine plants with descriptions of them, and sound hints as to where they are likely to grow well; and there is a helpful list of those plants that flourish in limestone and those that do not. The chapter on gardening in sinks and troughs can hardly fail to arouse amateur enthusiasm. Miss Wheelwright is sure that Alpines really enjoy living in these conditions and she gives a good description of how to set to work to make a "sink garden." This is a book that will be of practical use to the owner of a large or a "pocket" garden, and it is well and amusingly written into the bargain. There is a useful chapter on rock plants for the dry wall, very clearly arranged with sub-headings for the different families, and a catalogue of their colourings and habits.

"S.T." BOOK EXHIBITION IN RETROSPECT.—Every book-lover must have derived interest and benefit from the recent exhibition of books at Grosvenor House. The section devoted to current literature exactly a century ago was of particular interest. We ask the inevitable question: Have we advanced in the technique of novel writing and of biography in a century? A century ago Scott was just dead, lucky in his generation in having found the means to create a new school of romantic and historical fiction. Lamb had laid his pen down. The eighteenth-century-rooted poets were finished. The Brownings and Tennyson were trying their wings. Dickens was unknown, Carlyle disliked or ignored. The publications of 1834 were curiously trivial in the main. Miss Martineau was introducing a little uplift in the way of political economy; Hogg and Campbell were writing a clumsy form of biographical memoir; Lady Blessington was blazing the trail of sensational reminiscences; travel books were still the rage while the "grand tour" was still a part of fashionable education; and a good deal of twaddle was being turned out on the model or inspirations of "Udolpho." The best features of current literature were the breezy novels of Marryat and the historical romances of Lytton and Ainsworth. So, one way and another, the year 1834 does not bear comparison with 1934 in the *quality* of its literary output. In the *quantity* it bears the happiest comparison. To-day the market is swamped, and the activity and energies of writers and the trade are slowly and surely "killing the thing they love" and live by. It is excess of quantity, not lack of quality, which is doing it. THE OLD STAGER.

"THE SPHERE" SURVEYS THE WORLD:

THE ROYAL TOUR OF THE COMMONWEALTH: A schoolboy presenting the Duke of Gloucester with a blackwood walking stick at Morwell, a country town in Victoria. Since then His Royal Highness has visited New South Wales, and last Saturday he arrived at Wallangarra, Queensland, where he was received by the State Premier. He is due back in England on March 28

THE AUSTRIAN CHANCEL (centre) being shown Palatine Hill during He had two conversa according to the made of the conditions in full her true histo ric between the forces

TAKING OVER: Sir Shenton Thomas, K.C.M.G., who succeeds Sir Cecil Clementi as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Straits Settlements, inspecting a guard of honour provided by the 1st Battalion the Wiltshire Regiment, on arrival at Clifford Pier, Singapore. Since 1932 he has been Governor of the Gold Coast

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN PARIS: A Cierva autogiro coming down in the Champs Elysées opposite the Grand Palais, where the Aero Show was taking place, during a demonstration of taking-off and landing held before General Denain, the French Air Minister, and a big assemblage of spectators. At the first and only attempt the 'plane's landing run was no more than 30 yards. Further trials were prevented by the thickening mist

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT ENTERTAINS

Happenings in Europe and the Empire

LOR IN ROME: Herr von Schuschnigg round the ancient monuments on the his recent visit to the Italian capital. tions with Signor Mussolini in which, official report, "an examination was necessary to enable Austria to resume function as holding the equilibrium that converge in the basin of the Danube"

A FRANCO-GERMAN PACT: M. de Fouquières placing the agreement before Herr Koester, the German Ambassador in Paris, who signed it in the presence of M. Laval (centre), the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. It has been framed to simplify the working of the Clearing House dealing with the payments of commercial debts between the two countries

M. Regnier, Minister of the Interior, taking aim during a shooting party at Rambouillet, near Paris, given by M. Lebrun to members of Parliament

UNDER ARREST: A girl student being taken in charge after a fight in the streets of Prague a few days ago between Czechoslovakian and German undergraduates. The bone of contention was the insignia of the Charles University, founded by the Emperor Charles IV in 1348, which are to be handed over from the German to the Czech University both of which institutions are partly housed in the same building. The battle lasted all day, and thirty or forty persons were wounded

IN A RURAL RETREAT: The Royal couple outside Himley Hall, where they have been spending the first part of their honeymoon alone. It is understood that the Prince of Wales and Lord Dudley will join them there this week-end

HONEYMOON AT HIMLEY

First Pictures of the Duke and Duchess of Kent at the Staffordshire Residence of the Earl of Dudley

After weeks spent in the limelight, mobbed by enthusiastic admirers wherever they have gone, the Duke and Duchess of Kent must welcome the peace and quiet of Himley Hall—the beautiful Queen Anne residence which the Earl of Dudley has placed at their disposal.

In this rustic oasis in the Black Country they are able to enjoy almost complete privacy, and the villagers are loyally respecting the Duke's wish that there shall be no demonstrations.

In the park, with its glorious views over wooded hills, the Royal couple can ride, play tennis, have a round of golf on the nine-hole course, or go for walks without being disturbed, while in the house itself there is an excellent swimming pool which has just been re-decorated.

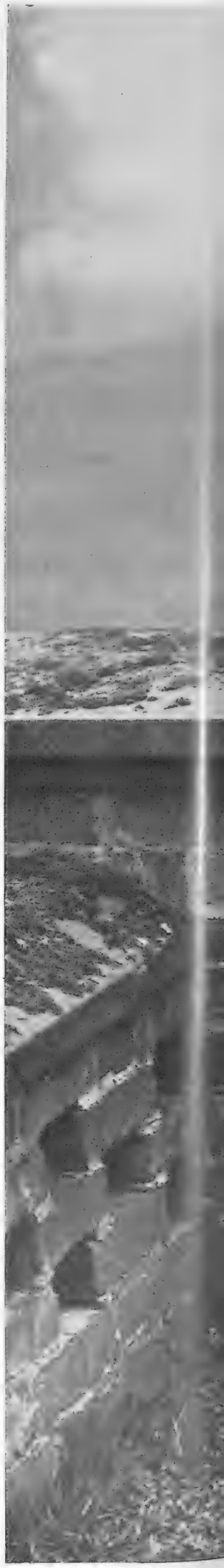
It will be noted that Himley, though an historic seat, has many modern amenities. For a considerable number of years it stood empty, but when the present Earl of Dudley (then Viscount Ednam) married he decided to live there, and had the place thoroughly overhauled and brought up to date.

During the honeymoon the squash court in the house has been converted into a miniature cinema, and the Duchess has seen several films including the news reel of the wedding, the Claudette Colbert–Clark Gable success, *It Happened One Night*, and, of course, the inimitable Mickey Mouse.

On Sunday the Duke and Duchess drove to Himley village, where they attended Divine Service sitting in a flower-decked gallery overlooking the congregation. Only about half the seats in the tiny church, however, were occupied for, apart from the Rector and churchwardens, no one knew of the intended visit.

According to present plans Their Royal Highnesses will return to Buckingham Palace next week, where they will probably stay for some days.

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD": The smiling Duke and Duchess pose for another picture on the terrace



Right—On the moss-grown terrace at Himley, with Dushka, the Duke's Alsatian

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT: A reproduction from the latest portrait of Mr. P. A. de Laszlo, M.V.O. (*See note at foot of this column*)

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT: The companion picture of that shown above

Mr. P. A. de Laszlo's magnificent portraits of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Kent have been reproduced in full colours, and specially mounted prints at 5s. each are being sold for the benefit of St. George's Hospital, in accordance with the wish expressed by H.R.H. the Duke of Kent. No charge has been made by the proprietors of *The Illustrated London News* for the printing and the mounting, so that the whole of the proceeds goes to the hospital. Those of our readers who would like to acquire copies of these beautiful pictures, which bear facsimile signatures of Their Royal Highnesses, are advised to apply as early as possible to the Publishers, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2, enclosing remittance value 5s. for each mounted portrait, plus 1s. for postage and packing, irrespective of whether one subject is ordered, or the pair. The actual colour reproductions measure $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $11\frac{1}{2}$ in., and the mounts are $15\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $20\frac{1}{4}$ in.

PRINCE NICOLAS: The Soldier

His Career in the Greek Army During the Time of the Monarchy

PRINCE NICOLAS of Greece is well known to-day as an artist. During the past few weeks reproductions of his pictures have appeared showing him to be a painter of some distinction. But little has been said of his career in his early life, which was that of a soldier. Though art has always been his hobby and delight he was trained for the army which he entered after a long examination.

When he was twenty-three the disastrous war with Turkey took place due to the trouble in Crete, then under Turkish suzerainty. Crete had longed to be united to Greece, when the latter country obtained her independence, but the Powers decreed otherwise, and Crete only obtained one of the many Constitutions which Turkey was always ready to grant, and seldom to keep. Turks still murdered Christians and extorted money, as they wished, and Crete remained in a continual state of disturbance, finally rising in rebellion. Greece naturally was eager to assist their kindred, but the European Powers could not agree upon the union of Crete with Greece, and finally sent warships to blockade the island. King George of Greece played a dignified part, pleading with the Powers for the restoration of Crete, but was unable, if he had wished to do so, to restrain the Greeks from going to help their fellow Christians.

Turkey declared war, and the Greek Army enthusiastically mobilized and marched to the frontier with the Crown Prince as Commander-in-Chief. Prince Nicolas left with the artillery and was to experience his first taste of war—and a bitter one it was. The army was keen and eager, but it was ill-equipped with all the necessities of war. The officers were inexperienced and badly trained; there was no proper plan of campaign till the young Commander-in-Chief, Prince Constantine, hurriedly appointed, and not yet thirty, got together a staff and tried to scheme out a working plan. It was decided to hold the passes through which the Turks would have to advance, and for just a week the Greek Army fought well, and then suddenly a panic arose, and the whole army fled in disorder, with the exception of a few sections, including the artillery, which maintained discipline. The remnants of the army were collected and fought bravely against hopeless odds, but had completely lost confidence. An armistice was arranged, largely through the intervention of Russia, and all through the summer Prince Nicolas remained with the troops, living in a reed-hut, which he had built for himself on the historic site of Thermopylæ. It was an unhealthy spot, infested with mosquitoes, but there they had to stay till the terms of peace were settled in October.

IN ATHENS the populace had dropped from enthusiasm to despair, accusing the Crown Prince of incompetence, and blaming the King for the disaster. But one good thing had resulted, for Crete was not restored to Turkey, the Turkish troops left the island, and Prince George, the second son of the King (now King George) was made High Commissioner. Greece gradually began to recover, and the Army, under the guidance of the Crown Prince, was re-organized, French and German Staff officers engaged to instruct the officers, and new guns chosen, after artillery tests. In all of this Prince Nicolas was concerned, working under his brother. When the Balkan War broke out in 1912 it was a very different army which marched against the Turks. This time the war was fought in alliance with Bulgaria and Serbia, all three countries determined to drive Turkey out of Thrace and Macedonia, where the Christian population was cruelly oppressed by the Turks.

Well trained and efficiently led the Greek army marched across the frontier, sweeping the enemy in front of them, and Salonika, the greatly-desired seaport, was captured in less than three weeks. Prince Nicolas was made military governor of Salonika and stayed there till the end of the war. The Greeks in Salonika wept with joy as the victorious army entered the city, even kissing the Crown Prince's boots—but troubles with the Bulgarian allies began at once, for the Bulgars claimed an equal right to the occupation of Salonika, which they coveted.

Prince Nicolas found the governorship of Salonika by no means an easy task. The arrogance of the Bulgarians, and the racial hatred which existed, made the alliance very irksome once the Turks were defeated. It forced Serbia and Greece to come to an understanding to join against the demands of Bulgaria concerning the conquered territory. The late King Alexander of Yugoslavia (then the Crown Prince of Serbia) had an important interview with Prince Nicolas at Salonika, where a defensive alliance was determined upon. It was shortly after this that King George of Greece, who had been in residence in Salonika for some months, was assassinated when taking a walk in the city, and on Prince Nicolas fell the responsibility of keeping the peace in the city.

The Crown Prince succeeded his father, as King Constantine, and was at once involved in the new Balkan trouble. He sent Prince Nicolas to Russia to explain the situation to the Czar, who was friendly but advised making terms with Bulgaria, who at that time was considered by far the strongest of the Balkan States. By the time Prince Nicolas was back in Greece, Bulgaria had suddenly attacked, and Greece was at war again. The army was so filled with keenness and energy, and so confident in their Royal leader, that it conquered the invincible Bulgarians, who had to submit to the Treaty of Bukarest which gave the greater part of Thrace to Greece. Prince Nicolas accompanied his brother, King Constantine, on the triumphant tour of Thrace, where they were welcomed by the populace, 90 per cent. being Greek.

WHEN the war was over Prince Nicolas returned to Athens where, for a year, everything seemed as happy and prosperous as it could be. The Royal Family were immensely popular, and they busied themselves in all kinds of projects for the betterment of Greece—Prince Nicolas interesting himself particularly in forwarding the theatre and the art exhibition. And then fell the blow of the Great War, in which Greece found herself involved though she wished to remain neutral. The Prime Minister, M. Venizelos, was eager to join the Allies, and was ready to send the army to the Dardanelles, or wherever it was wanted. The king feared that Bulgaria might attack and find them defenceless if the bulk of the army had gone. From a variety of causes the Allied Powers got the impression that King Constantine was pro-German because his wife happened to be the Kaiser's sister, although the Greek Royal Family had always shown great friendship for Great Britain.

As Constantine shrewdly pointed out Greece could never take the part of Germany for the Allied navies could have wiped her out at once. But once the idea was fixed nothing moved it and Greece was subjected to every humiliation; her navy was seized, and railway and postal services controlled, until finally a High Commissioner was sent to order the abdication of the King. This forced the exile of the entire Greek Royal Family, with the solitary exception of Prince Alexander, a younger son of King Constantine, who was made King.

When in 1920, three years later, the Greek people insisted upon the return of King Constantine, Prince Nicolas and his family came back to Athens. The joy of the people was great but the problem of government was more difficult than ever for Greece who had become involved in a war against the Turks in Asia Minor, into which they had been led by the exuberance of M. Venizelos, encouraged by the British Government who wanted Turkey to be rendered impotent. Prince Nicolas accompanied his brother to Asia Minor where the Greek army was holding Kemal Pasha and his large forces, but had not the power to continue unaided. No help could be obtained, all the Powers were busy on their own concerns, money began to fail to feed and clothe the army, and in spite of heroic efforts the Greeks were overwhelmed in August, 1922. With that failure the position of the King became impossible. Certain officers won over part of the army and demanded abdication, and a second exile became enforced. Three months later King Constantine died. Prince Nicolas had been deprived of his home, his country, and all his possessions. It was then that he turned to his art, and was able to work at it in earnest.

B. H.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARINA TO THE DUKE OF KENT

Westminster Abbey, November 29, 1934

HIS MAJESTY'S bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, which acts as the "Nearest Guard" to the King at all State functions, was, of course, in attendance in Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the wedding of Princess Marina and the Duke of Kent.

This distinguished corps — not to be confused with the Yeomen of the Guard — was originated in 1509 by Henry VIII who, envying the magnificence of the bodyguard of Francis I of France, decided to have a noble guard of his own, and therefore decreed that fifty "gentlemen that be commen and extracte of Noble Blod" should be arrayed in gorgeous attire, and be appointed as his "Retineue of Speres or Men-at-Arms," under the command of the Earl of Essex. They were designated "Gentlemen Pensioners" (from the French "Pensionnaires") in the rolls of this period, a title which they retained for more than 300 years.

At one time the Pensioners, the Yeomen of the Guard and the Militia were the only lawful armed forces of the Crown, but when the Corps was reconstituted by William IV in 1834 and given its present name it had become less military in the manner of its appointments although it still retained its noble character. During the Chartists' riots, however, the Corps was called upon to do duty as an armed body at St. James's Palace.

To-day the Corps is composed entirely of officers of the regular army who have been decorated for distinguished war service and who have been appointed by the King himself. At the present time there are six Gentlemen-at-Arms who have won the Victoria Cross. The Gentlemen-at-Arms are commanded by their Captain, who must be a peer and a member of the Ministry, and who therefore, can only hold office as long as his Government remains in

(Continued on following page)

THE ROYAL STANDARD BEARER: A reproduction from an oil painting by the well-known artist, H. Harris Brown, of Colonel Wilford Neville Lloyd, C.B., C.V.O., a member of His Majesty's Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. He served in the Kaffir War (1877–78), the Zulu War (1879), and the Sudan Campaign (1884), after which he presented the Mahdi's Standard to Queen Victoria at Windsor

The Scene of the Royal Wedding Breakfast

THE STATE DINING-ROOM IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE where a four-course breakfast was served to Their Majesties' 120 guests. An effect of extreme brilliance has been produced in this apartment by the lavish use of gold on the plaster work of the ceiling, on the mahogany sideboards, and on the ormolu-mounted doorways. The most outstanding feature, however, is the row of full-length Royal portraits extending along the wall facing the windows

(Cont. from previous page)

power. The present Captain is Brig.-General the Earl of Lucan, K.B.E., C.B., T.D., and the Lieutenant is Colonel Sir St. John Gore, C.B., C.V.O., C.B.E. The other officers are the Standard Bearer, the Clerk of the Cheque, and the Harbinger. The Standard Bearer carries the Royal Standard on ceremonial occasions; the Clerk of the Cheque acts as Adjutant to the Corps; the Harbinger always walks at the head of the parade.

On the day of the Royal Wedding a detachment of Gentlemen at Arms took up their allotted positions in the Abbey prior to the King's arrival.

The "Officers" of the Corps, with their scarlet coatees and blue velvet collars embroidered with gold, their gold epaulettes, their white gauntlets, and their shining helmets surmounted by lofty plumes of white swans' feathers, provided an imposing splash of colour. In addition to a sword, each carried a stick of office; the Captain having a gold stick, the Lieutenant, Standard Bearer, and Clerk of the Cheque having silver sticks, and the Harbinger an ivory stick.

The Gentlemen-at-Arms were wearing a similar uniform, and in addition to their swords, carry a battle-axe on all their duties.

Fenn Sherie

THE GRAND STAIRCASE leading to the State Supper Room and State Ball-Room in Buckingham Palace. It is decorated in white and gold, and the balustrading of gilded bronze wrought in a flowing design of acanthus scrolls and rosettes is said to be one of the finest examples of applied metal-work of the Regency Period

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT

An official picture of the bride and bridegroom taken after their return from the Abbey and after the celebration in the Royal Chapel at Buckingham Palace of the wedding according to the rites of the Greek Orthodox Church. The Duke is wearing the uniform of a Commander of the Royal Navy, and the Duchess, her head adorned with a magnificent diamond tiara, is a stately figure in her robe of white and silver brocade

AT THE ABBEY DOOR: The Princess alighting from her carriage after driving past the cheering multitudes lining the processional route from the Palace to Westminster

ROYALTY IN THE SACRARIUM: King George and Queen Mary, the King and Queen of Norway, and the Princess Royal seen during the marriage service

THE BRIDAL COUPLE AND THEIR ATTENDANTS: One of the wedding groups taken at the Palace. Left to right—Princess Catherine of Greece, Lady Iris Mountbatten, the Prince of Wales, Lady Mary Cambridge (seated), Princess Eugenie of Greece, the Duke and Ducness of Kent, Princess Kyra of Russia, Princess Elizabeth (seated), the Duke of York, Princess Irene of Greece, and Princess Juliana of the Netherlands

Like a Fairy Princess in Her Coach

THE RETURN JOURNEY: The Duke and Duchess of Kent passing through the densely packed throng near the Artillery Memorial, Hyde Park Corner, on their way back to Buckingham Palace

Below—ON THE WAY TO THE ABBEY: Princess Marina's carriage crossing the Horse Guards' Parade accompanied by a Captain's escort—a brave sight with their scarlet uniforms and dancing white plumes

PRINCESS MARINA
LEAVES FOR THE ABBEY

At dawn on the wedding day a vast throng gathered in front of the Palace, and long before the time fixed for the bride's departure for the Abbey not a vacant space was left, the crowd forming a dense human covering round the base of the Queen Victoria Memorial and

Specially Drawn for "The Sphere" by Rowland Hilder

on either side of the police-lined processional route. This drawing conjures up in brilliant fashion the scene of pageantry as Princess Marina and her father, Prince Nicolas, with a Captain's escort, drove towards the Mall to the accompaniment of thunderous cheering. There was not very much to be seen of the Princess in the seclusion of her landau, and few caught sight of her for more than a fleeting moment, but it was enough to arouse enthusiasm to fever pitch. Seldom has there been such a radiant Royal Bride, and the great concourse watching her progress acclaimed her in a manner that was both moving and sincere. A few minutes before the event depicted above an even more colourful procession had passed, headed by the King and Queen and aged Prince Waldemar, and including such notabilities as the King and Queen of Denmark, the King and Queen of Norway, Princess Nicolas, Ex-King George of Greece, and Prince Paul of Yugoslavia.

THE SCENE IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE

Specially Drawn for "The Sphere" by HANSLIP FLETCHER

In spite of a November fog, Parliament Square and the immediate neighbourhood of the Abbey, the part of London most rich in historic associations and the scene of so much past pageantry, presented the most brilliant spectacle of all on the processional route. Gaily decked stands packed with privileged spectators,

pavements thronged with an expectant multitude, and multi-coloured decorations all helped to create an atmosphere fitting to the occasion; while stately buildings provided a background of impressive dignity. In this picture Mr. Hanslip Fletcher vividly portrays what he saw as the bridal carriage and its escort went slowly by, cheered to the echo by the crowds and welcomed by the pealing of bells. This was a great moment, but better still was to follow. For a broadcast of the service enabled thousands of the spectators to share in what was taking place within the Abbey, so that the long wait until the Duke and the Duchess emerged seemed but a few minutes. Then came the return journey with more cheers for a radiantly happy couple.

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE"

From a Drawing by William Walcot, R.E., F.R.I.B.A.

Beneath the stately arches of Westminster Abbey, where over five centuries ago Richard II was married to beautiful Anne of Bohemia, an even lovelier bride last week walked up the aisle, the admiration of every beholder. In this artistic impression Mr. William Walcot, the noted artist,

reconstructs the scene of splendour in the nave as Princess Marina, her father, and her eight bridesmaids proceeded from the West Door to the Sacrarium; past rank upon rank of distinguished personages, and past the King's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard in their picturesque Tudor uniforms of scarlet and gold. In the words of a writer in a contemporary journal, "There can have been no Englishman present who, seeing the bride as she came in that instant, was not touched by the grave enchantment of this lady who was so short a time ago a stranger here, and is no longer." The dignity of her entry was, in fact, a fitting prelude to a service that all who were privileged to attend will never forget.

PRONOUNCING THE BENEDICTION

Drawn for "The Sphere" by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

This picture by Mr. Matania, one of the greatest artists of our time, was done from sketches made in the Abbey itself during the marriage ceremony. It shows

the Archbishop of Canterbury, with hand upraised above the heads of the bride and bridegroom, pronouncing the Benediction. The Royal couple are seen kneeling on two beautifully embroidered cushions, and the 4½-yard train of the Duchess's wedding dress is being held by Princess Elizabeth, the fifth lady in the land, and Lady Mary Cambridge, a great-niece of the Queen. On the extreme right, and third from right are the Archbishop of York and the Dean of Westminster, both clad in copes of elaborate design.

THE GUESTS DEPART: A scene outside the Abbey after the wedding

LONDON'S WONDER WEEK

A Round of Festivities

By CHARLES GRAVES

WHAT a week, with Bond Street as much en fête as the Place de Massena at Nice when the Battle of Flowers is in progress; with every restaurant in the West End having extension nights and packing 'em in to the roof; with Princess Marina hats, Princess Marina cocktails, and Princess Marina dresses everywhere; with sand on the streets of St. James's to prevent the horses' hooves slipping; with all kinds of bunting from Deptford to Hampstead Heath; with the plumed Life Guards and gold coaches and cheering crowds; with ninety-six royalties and wedding bells and Orders and Decorations; with foreign Lord Chamberlains, Masters of Royal Households, Ladies-in-Waiting, and Comptrollers; with the private view of the Royal wedding presents; with the Royal Reception; and above all with the blaze of scarlet and blue and gold in Westminster Abbey at the ceremony itself.

I shall never forget it. For I was one of the lucky ones, hemmed in though I was by the big shots of the newspaper world—Hannen Swaffer, Sir John Foster Fraser, Ward Price, James Douglas, and C. L. Morgan, as well as John Drinkwater and Lady Eleanor Smith, seeing the scene for 40,000,000 people. Behind us were eight picked camera men clicking endless shutters, which fortunately, I gather, the invisible microphones did not pick up. It is a pity that nobody seems to have invented a silent one. Two photographers had been lent a ladder and climbed up on to a ledge, thus securing a view of the main aisle. Beneath them someone had placed his silk hat on the head of the recumbent stone figure of a Crusader.

We were all told to be in our places by 10.15. Many arrived at nine to make sure. Lord Sackville, as far as I could see, was in evening dress. Nearly all the other men were in uniform. Lord Derby came in shortly after I arrived with the blue sash of the Garter. Lady Rachael Howard in a green hat was alone with her mother, the Duchess of Norfolk. Admirals with beards, Generals with clanking swords, the Aga Khan in a tall dark fez, looking like an archimandrite, the Duke of Marlborough, pink and white, Lord Londonderry glittering, Ramsay MacDonald in the uniform, I fancy, of Trinity House, Winston Churchill without Randolph, Neville Chamberlain in the uniform of the Privy Council, Lloyd George with flowing white hair and a flowing black cape. It was all most satisfying.

I STOPPED COUNTING the number of times we stood up. The first was for the Royal Standard. The next was for Princess Olga. After that we stood up for the Duchess of York, the Greek priests, the Monarch, of course, and finally for the bride. It is a pity that colour photography is not further developed. The slashing uniforms of the foreign royalties and their aides, pale blue orders on cream uniforms, dark blue sashes against golden epaulettes, scarlet tunics, the white plumes of the Gentlemen of the Bodyguard, the gold stripes on blue trousers—words don't picture them.

Princess Mary, Lady Cambridge, and Princess Paul of Serbia had wisely chosen blue for their dresses, which showed up marvellously against the gaudy uniforms. That is something worth remembering. It is a pity that some of the men wore spectacles. If you are in uniform you could surely make do with a single eyeglass.

Calmest of the Royal brothers was the Duke of York. No wonder. He had been through the ordeal before. I did not have a good view of all the grown-up bridesmaids, though Princess Juliana of the Netherlands was nearly facing me. How tired they must have been when it was over. Like the Duke of York, Princess Elizabeth, and Lady Mary Cambridge, they stood motionless for nearly three-quarters of an hour.

The tallest man at the wedding was King Christian of Denmark, but that cannot have surprised him. Ever since he grew up he has always been the tallest man in his country. The smallest person was without question Princess Margaret Rose, who behaved like a perfect angel. She sat on her little red stool filled with all the curiosity of Rudyard Kipling's Elephant Child, but entirely obedient to her mother.

THE CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: The bridal party proceeding up the aisle from the west door to the chancel of the Abbey. Princess Marina is with her father and is followed by her eight attendants

Possibly the best-looking man in the Abbey was Lord Sefton in the blue and gold uniform of the Household Cavalry. Lord Trenchard, who had arrived on a milk-white charger, wore what I suppose was the uniform of a Marshal of the Royal Air Force. The whole scene was like a gorgeous modern tapestry coming to life before our eyes.

But I still wonder who was the good-looking young man who arrived shortly before Royalty in dark day clothes. Perhaps he was an American. And yet even the Americans were in evening dress. He was a guest and not an usher or verger, because he had a ticket, though whether he ever found a seat I don't pretend to know.

However, you must have read enough, by now, of the wedding — magnificent symphony of colour, movement, and music though it was. For the first time in history a member of the Royal Family of England was marrying a Greek. As the bridal coach drove up St. James's Street afterwards, the police motor-cycle escort's machine conked out at the corner. I was not there, but hear that, try as he might, he could not start the engine up again, and thus was ignominiously overtaken at the corner of Piccadilly. Another incident which I witnessed myself was when a mounted police officer in the crowd near the House of Commons was thrown and nearly rolled upon just as the Monarch was passing.

The wedding presents were mostly very handsome, ranging, however, from a complete set of diamond and sapphires from the Queen, to very humble little gifts. Among the Royal presents were a blue enamel cigarette box from the King and Queen of Norway, a pair of silver entrée dishes and tray from Prince and Princess George of Greece, a jewelled case from the Grand Duke Dmitri. The hereditary Prince and Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenberg sent a wooden cigarette box and glass letter weight; the Infanta Beatrix's presents were a pigskin leather bag and a silver coffee pot; the present from the Diplomatic Corps, it may be noted, was contributed to by the Soviet Embassy as well as by the Greek Legation.

AS FOR LONDON, one presumes that the *tronc*s of the dance clubs and restaurants reached record proportions. Incidentally, it was the first time that the curious observer of the supper-time crowds could see which of the leading eight establishments had really the smartest clientèle. For from the Tuesday to the Friday, as each place had a drink extension, there was no particular reason for going to any particular place on any particular night, except for genuine preference of the other guests and the surroundings—I am thinking particularly of the Embassy, Quaglino's, and the Café de Paris. Exact comparisons being invidious, though, I do not propose to draw them.

Meantime the traffic was almost impossible for the whole of the Royal week, the barriers in Piccadilly and elsewhere making it all the more tricky. One had to allow at least twenty minutes extra to get from any two given points a mile or so apart in the West End. Hyde Park was particularly liable to lengthy jams, while even at midnight, Bond Street was a thronging mass of sightseers. It only goes to show what scenes we may expect at the Royal Silver Jubilee during May of next year. For though there is not the romance of a young foreign Princess to flutter the hearts of the impressionable, the popularity of the King and Queen has increased steadily every year since the War, and in particular since the Monarch's recovery from his illness. Last week's tributes to them as they drove past were admirable evidence of this.

YOUTH PLAYS ITS PART: Lady Mary Cambridge and Princess Elizabeth holding the bridal train during the Royal wedding service, while Princess Margaret Rose sat on a stool at her mother's feet. The Duchess of York's younger daughter was thrilled with the ceremonial, and showed great interest and excitement when her sister walked up the aisle behind the bride

"THOSE WHOM GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER": The impressive scene in the Abbey as the bride and bridegroom knelt before the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, and the Dean of Westminster. In the front rank of the group on the left of the picture are: left to right—Prince and Princess Nicolas, the King and Queen of Denmark, ex-King George of Greece, Prince and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and Princess Helene of Rumania. In the second rank—Count and Countess Toerring, Prince Charles of Sweden, the Count of Flanders, and the Grand Duke Kirill of Russia. Front rank on right of picture—left to right—King George and Queen Mary, the King and Queen of Norway, the Princess Royal, and the Earl of Harewood

The Glow of the Golden Altar

Specially Drawn for "The Sphere" by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

An aspect of the Abbey ceremony which no camera recorded. The altar screen and the altar itself, adorned with beautiful plate, seemed to glow with an internal fire against which the figures of the Royal party gathered on the right of the sacrarium were strikingly silhouetted in bold outline

THE END OF THE ABBEY SERVICE: After the Princess and the Duke had been pronounced man and wife, the Archbishop of Canterbury led them towards the High Altar; the bride's train being carried by the smallest of the attendants, Princess Elizabeth and Lady Mary Cambridge. The Primate then delivered his address, referring in his opening phrases to the broadcasting of the wedding, and saying: "Never in history, we may dare to say, has a marriage been attended by so vast a company of witnesses. For by a new and marvellous invention of science countless multitudes in every variety of place and home are joining in this service. The whole nation—nay, the whole Empire—are the wedding guests, and more than guests, members of the family. For this great assembly in the Abbey, the crowds waiting outside its walls, and the multitude of listening people regard the family of our beloved King and Queen as in a true sense their own"

ROYALTY RESPONDS TO THE CHEERS OF

A THRILLING MOMENT: Princess Margaret Rose, second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, being held by the King as she waved to the people from the balcony. The Queen is holding the child's hand to steady her

A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN SPECTACLE: This was the scene that lay before the Duke of Kent and his bride as they stood on the balcony of the Palace after the two wedding ceremonies were over. The vast crowd of well-wishers, which in the morning had been held in check by the police, thronged the entire approach and cheered for minutes on end without pause

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Britain's Royal Family, as ever, remains the focal point of our national life, but it is only once or twice in a generation that the people of the capital have an opportunity of demonstrating their affection to the full. The Royal wedding was such an occasion, and those who stood without the Palace will never forget those ringing cheers that greeted the King and Queen, their fourth son, and their new daughter-in-law, when they stepped out on to the balcony

THE CROWDS: Scenes at Buckingham Palace

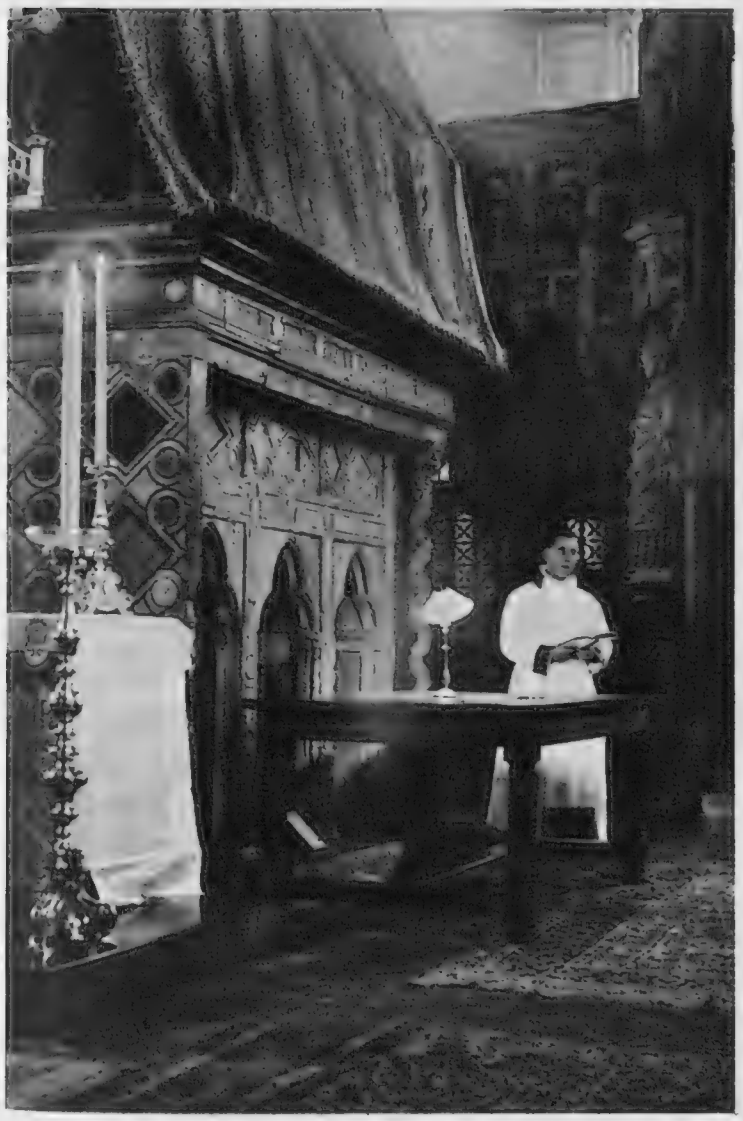
ACKNOWLEDGING THE OVATION: Right to left—Her Majesty the Queen, Prince Nicolas of Greece (who among his other orders was wearing the G.C.B. just conferred upon him by the King on the occasion of the marriage), the Duke and Duchess of Kent, Brigadier Sir Hill Child with Princess Margaret Rose, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Paul of Yugoslavia, Lady Mary Cambridge, and Princess Nicolas

THE NAVY'S SALUTE

Specially Drawn for "The Sphere" by Cecil King, R.I., R.O.I.

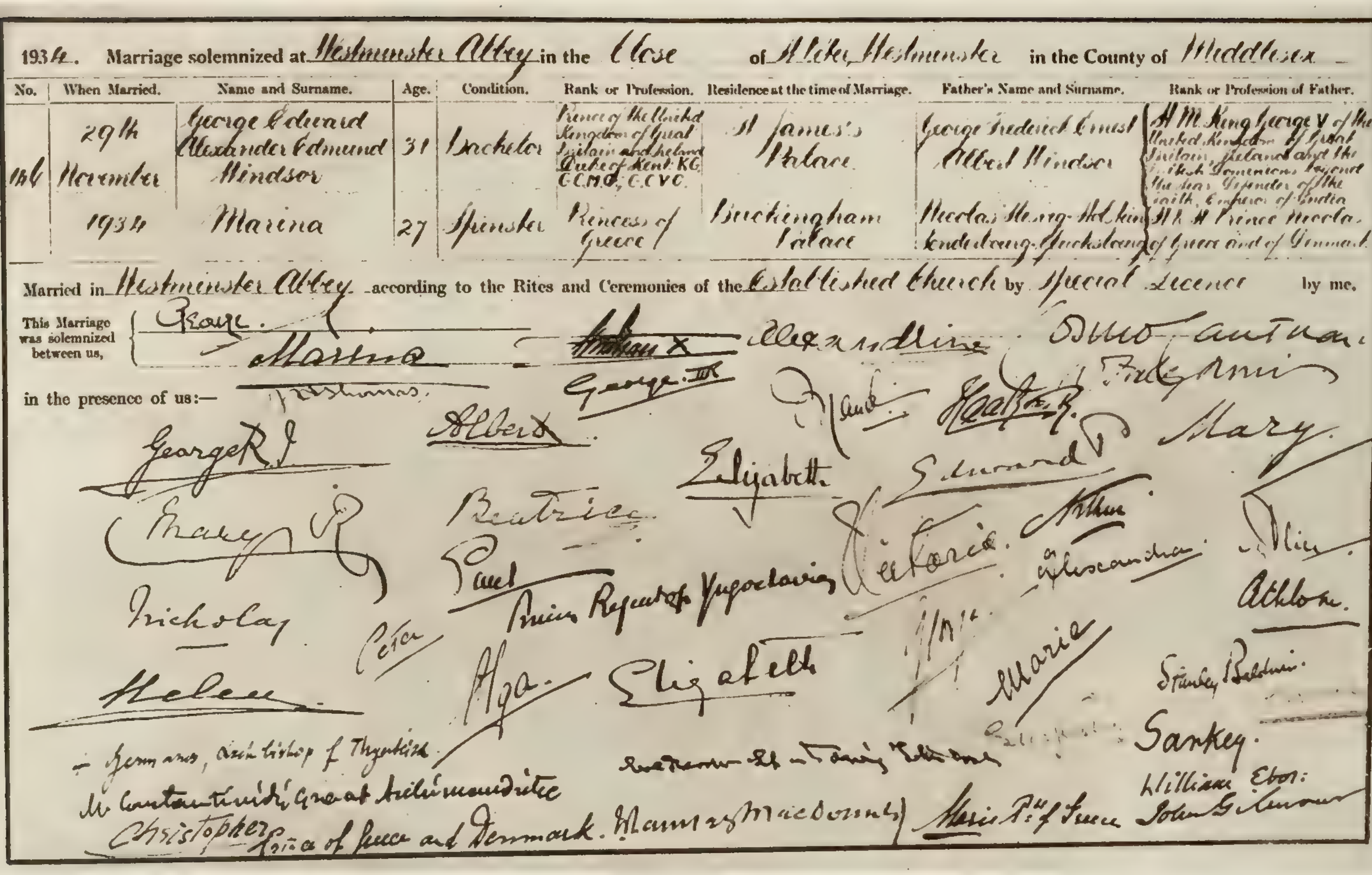
At almost the exact moment that the Duke and Duchess of Kent left Westminster Abbey the warships at Portsmouth fired salutes in honour of the sailor prince and his bride. The centre of attraction was H.M.S. *Nelson*, the flagship of the Earl of Cork and Orrery, in which the bridegroom served much of his time at sea; and in this drawing Mr. Cecil King vividly portrays the scene as a gun was being fired from her superstructure. The Marine Guard of Honour was drawn up under the awning on the quarter-deck, and during the ceremony every vessel in the harbour came to a standstill. In the evening eight ships gave a searchlight display

THE ABBEY PLATE ARRANGED ON THE HIGH ALTAR FOR THE ROYAL WEDDING SERVICE: There are some wonderful specimens of the silversmith's art to be found in this collection. The great pair of silver-gilt candlesticks, dating from the year 1690, was the gift of one Sarah Hughes, who was for many years housekeeper to an assistant master at Westminster School, while the oldest possession is an Elizabethan chalice made in 1571, which probably belonged at one period to a church or college at Oxford. The embossed alms dish seen in the centre is notable for its particularly elaborate workmanship



WHERE THE REGISTER WAS SIGNED: The oak table placed against the south side of the shrine of Edward the Confessor in the chapel behind the High Altar

SOME OF THE ABBEY NOTABILITIES: In the centre of this group are the Sub-Dean, the Rev. Canon Carnegie and Archdeacon Storr, and at the top of the steps are Lord Lewisham, one of the three lay officers, Canon Perkins, the Sacrist, and Dr. Foxley Norris, the Dean. The beautiful Abyssinian cross of beaten gold seen in the picture was presented by Ras Makonnen on the occasion of King Edward's recovery from the illness before his Coronation



1934. Marriage solemnized at Westminster Abbey in the Close of [illegible] Westminster in the County of Middlesex

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
146	29th November 1934	George Edward Alexander Edmund Windsor	31	Bachelor	Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Duke of Kent KG GCMG, GCVO	St James's Palace	George Frederick Ernest Albert Windsor	H M King George V of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India
		Marina	27	Spinster	Princess of Greece	Buckingham Palace	Nicolas [illegible]	H R H Prince Nicolas of Greece and of Denmark

Married in Westminster Abbey according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church by Special Licence by me.

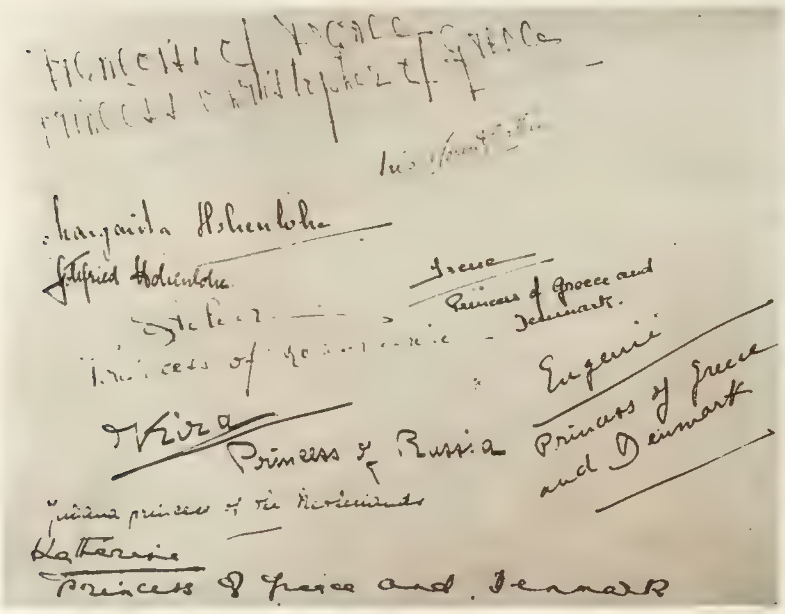
This Marriage was solemnized between us, George. Marina

in the presence of us:—

George R.I. Mary R. Albert Beatrice Elizabeth Edward P. Mary Paul Prince Regent of Yugoslavia Victoria Arthur Alexandra Alice Athlone Nicholas Peter Helen Olga Elizabeth Marie Stanley Baldwin Sankey William Ebor: Christopher Prince of Greece and Denmark

FAMOUS SIGNATURES

A reproduction from the page of the Westminster Abbey Register recording the marriage of Princess Marina to the Duke of Kent, and bearing the names of many eminent witnesses. The bride and bride-groom, the King and Queen, Prince and Princess Nicolas, and the Archbishop of Canterbury signed in the Chapel of Edward the Confessor immediately after the service, but in order to prevent undue delay in the programme the volume was taken to Buckingham Palace where the other signatures were added following the conclusion of the Greek Church wedding ceremony



THE SUPPLEMENTARY SHEET TO THE MARRIAGE REGISTER on which the bridesmaids and several other witnesses placed their signatures. Note the bold handwriting of Princess Christopher of Greece

TREASURES OF THE ABBEY: Three of the beautiful vestments worn by the clergy officiating at the Royal Wedding. *Left*—A finely-embroidered cope of comparatively modern workmanship, and a less elaborate one dating from the time of the Restoration. *Right*—The gorgeous cope of cloth-of-gold woven with cream silk in a fifteenth-century design, in which the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Foxley Norris, received the King and Queen on their arrival for the ceremony

The Art of W. P. Frith and Benjamin West

"MEASURING THEIR HEIGHT": An incident from Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, brilliantly depicted by W. P. Frith in an oil painting which is now on view at the Gainsborough to Duncan Grant Exhibition at Agnew's Galleries in Bond Street. The artist, who lived between 1819 and 1909, was best known for his huge canvases crowded with figures in which he represented the life of his own time, but this picture reveals his work in another and equally interesting style

"PORTRAIT OF MR. AND MRS. JOHN CUSTANCE": A picture by Benjamin West (1738–1820) which has just been acquired by the William Rockhill Nelson Art Gallery in Kansas City, Missouri. The artist, who became President of the Royal Academy in 1792, was born in Pennsylvania but settled in London when in his twenties. His composition is very skilful, but his colouring is considered by some critics to be rather monotonous. Among his finest historical works are "Edward II at Crecy," "The Black Prince at Poictiers," "Queen Philippa at Calais," "The Battle of La Hogue," and "Penn's Treaty with the Indians"

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Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

HANSEATIC COG SHIP: A typical fifteenth-century trading vessel. One of the many excellent full page illustrations in E. Keble Chatterton's beautifully produced volume on *Sailing Models, Ancient and Modern*, which has just been published by Hurst and Blackett, Ltd.

The World of Books

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

THE second volume of **THE JOURNALS AND LETTERS OF REGINALD VISCOUNT ESHER,** edited by Maurice Brett (Nicholson. 25s.), covers the period from 1903 to 1910, that is to say, practically the reign of King Edward. The book ends with the King's death.

"I have known all the great men of my time in this land of ours, and many beyond it. He was the most kingly of them all."

In September of the opening year of this volume we find Lord Esher in Scotland, risking (and for a short time incurring) the displeasure of King Edward by refusing Balfour's offer of the War Office. He loathed "public life"—"I will not be dragged into it." Possibly the letter from Lord Rosebery ("There is a rumour in the papers to-day that you are going to the War Office, and I cannot help writing to express my earnest hope that it is not true") helped him to the decision. Yet at the same time he could be busying himself with the problem of getting the key of Kensington Gardens for Barrie, and reflecting that "it would have been far easier to get the little man a Baronetcy."

The long list of public offices offered to and refused by Lord Esher reveals something of his character that might have been at the same time inexplicable but for the publication of these journals. It may be said that other public men have balanced a fine intellectual attitude with the crudities of a politician's life, that Balfour was able to carry on behind a lofty detachment, that Asquith enjoyed a spiritual serenity which the rough usage of politics never touched, but Esher was of more forthright stuff. How could he have allied himself to any political party and gone huckstering to a mob whom he held in contempt? Typical of this attitude are his remarks upon the decision of the Government to declare against the Channel Tunnel.

"My notion is that they are probably wrong! Unanimity always is, and upon this question the country seems to be as much of one mind as the idiots who stoned St. Stephen and Copernicus." This work can only be properly appraised as a whole, and that can only be done when its publication is complete.

Mr. John Heygate is one of the younger generation of contemporary novelists, with a great facility for expression. He is discerning, too, in observation and though accurate (as far as he goes), appears to be more concerned with the range of the love affair of a ski instructor than with anything more profound. Perhaps this is merely carping, though, and perhaps **WHITE ANGEL** (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.) is an instructive study in psychological mutations. I just found it an adequately amusing novel, and as the lady in Mr. Coward's play said: "I never think that's quite enough, do you?"

Adrian and Mary, he a rich young politician and she his lovely and ailing wife, travel to the Tirol for a winter sports holiday. During the course of this holiday the lady becomes less ailing and less faithful, and the husband acquires a sunburn and becomes a very fine case of restrained jealousy. With admirable reticence he fails to mention this to his wife, or even to tell her that she keeps him awake at night by bustling in and out of the room on the way to her assignations, which take place, rurally enough, in a cowshed. The holiday ends in gentlemanly calm, with the return of this inarticulate couple to their home and children in England.

In **THE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY** (Wishart. 10s. 6d.) Mr. Hugh Kingsmill has written a life of Charles Dickens in which the reflection of his personal experience in his novels is made clear. More especially in later life. Mr. Kingsmill points out, how Dickens' private life influenced the trend of his writing, both of which he says suffered at that time from degeneration.

Although the biographer is rather inclined to leave the impression that Dickens had no appreciable virtues at all, he has given us some amusing side-lights on Dickens' character which one can interpret as one chooses. I particularly liked a quotation from one of his American letters: "There is a line in my chin, indelibly fixed there by the New-Englander I told you of in my last. I have the print of a crow's foot on the outside of my left eye, which I attribute to the literary characters of small towns. . ."

We are assured by the authors of **ACES MADE EASY,** Messrs. W. D. H. McCullough and Fougasse (Methuen. 5s.), that "it can be read with equal profit by those who have played auction but who have not yet tried contract, by those who have played contract but have not yet tried a system, and by those who have played both under the impression that they were playing the other." In this light-hearted spirit the authors contrive to get a terrific amount of fun out of all aspects of the game; the broadcast account of a first-class match, "speaking from the contract ground at Wembleham" is a glorious rib-aching parody, while the illustrations by Fougasse, particularly the recurring ones with different captions, are as funny as anything I have seen in a long while.

A LIBRARY REMINDER LIST

Each Month Vernon Fane is making a List, with Short Descriptions, of Books under Current Discussion, which the Editor hopes Readers will find Useful in Making their Library Selections

Fiction

THE PROUD SERVANT, by Margaret Irwin (Chatto and Windus), is a romantic account of the great Scottish hero, Montrose. This is an historical novel in the perfect manner and sufficiently well documented to please the most exigent critic.

THE PROGRESS TO THE LAKE, by Richard Heron Ward (Ivor Nicholson). This is a study of adolescence by one who appears to know his subject well, and writes with great sensitiveness and delicacy. Rather slight and improbable, but written with feeling.

THE HOUSE DEVOURING, by Sigfried von Vegesack (Hurst and Blackett), is a curious and fascinating book by any standards. It is the story of an old house in one of the remoter German provinces, and of the influence it has over the lives of its young owners.

THE FORTY DAYS, by Franz Werfel (Jarrolds). The courageous efforts of a band of Armenians, during the Great War, to evade destruction at the hands of the Turks. Might not have suffered from a little cutting, but is nevertheless a thrilling epic of heroism.

I SEE NO SIN, by Vardis Fisher (Boriswood). An American writer sets out, a trifle self-consciously, to attain a Biblical simplicity of style. Succeeds in writing a vital, occasionally hair-raising brutal story of a young boy's development. Not for the squeamish.

WHO ONCE EATS OUT OF THE TIN BOWL, by Hans Fallada (Putnam), in which the author of *Little Man, What Now?* proves that he can do it again, at least as far as popular appeal is concerned. Not as good, but painstakingly human.

CASTAWAY, by J. G. Cozzens (Longmans). About a man who finds himself alone in a vast department store. His problems and his terrors are more exciting than those of a man on a desert island.

ELEVEN-THIRTY TILL TWELVE, by Richard and Elizabeth Plunket Greene (Secker), is a detective story in the old manner by two very modern authors. A few thrills and more laughs.

CLAUDIUS THE GOD, by Robert Graves (Barker), comes under the heading of historical fiction and is a remarkably good book; certainly one of the best published during the current year.

CRIME AT CHRISTMAS, by C. H. B. Kitchin (Hogarth). Can hardly be called seasonable, but it is nevertheless an out-of-the-ordinary murder story, logical, vivid, and thrilling.

WINDFALLS, by Sean O'Casey (Macmillan). A collection of short stories in which this distinguished Irish writer provides proof of an exceptional versatility.

SKYLIGHTERS, by J. B. Morton (Heinemann). In which "Beachcomber" invents a new religion "without one blooming rule." A really good social satire.

SEVEN POOR MEN OF SYDNEY, by Christina Stead (Davies). Is a particularly grim tale of Australia, written with something very near to genius.

THE LORD'S ANOINTED, by Ruth Eleanor McKee (Bodley Head). Is a novel of Hawaii from the rather unexpected point of view of New England Calvinist missionaries.

BACKGROUND FOR VENUS, by James Laver (Heinemann). A satire of the contemporary art world, with some very illuminating comments on the relations of artists and dealers. A worthy successor to *Nymph Errant*.

THE ISLANDMAN, by Tomas O'Crohan (Chatto). Is a story of the Blasket Islands translated from the original Irish. All the charm that a natural, unpretentious style can give to an exceptional subject.

LOST BATTLE, by Stephen Graham (Ivor Nicholson). A man with two women, and two irrevocably separate families is the theme of this intelligently-written novel. Sincere and often genuinely touching.

General

GERALD: A PORTRAIT, by Daphne du Maurier (Gollancz). A biography of the famous actor written by his daughter, and probably one of the books of the year. Unsentimental, unbiased, and at the same time completely sympathetic.

WAR MEMOIRS, VOL. IV, by Lloyd George (Ivor Nicholson). In which the former Prime Minister surveys the theatres of War in 1917, with particular attention to the disastrous Passchendaele attack. Grim reading and a very important book.

RETREAT FROM GLORY, by Bruce Lockhart (Putnam), is his second volume of autobiography, as vivid and readable as the first, and just as exciting, although the scene is set in what were nominally peace years.

BEYOND THE ALPS, by Ion S. Munro (Alexander Maclehose). An account of present-day journeys in Italy and Sicily. Agreeable and occasionally amusing.

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, Vol. II, by H. G. Wells (Gollancz). Hardened Wellsians will enjoy this book, and they will find the prophesying overlaps the strictly personal stuff which is always interesting.

EUROPEAN JOURNEY, by Sir Philip Gibbs (Heinemann and Gollancz). A record, and a disturbing one, of the author's travels in Europe during the past summer, and of the political implications of what he observed.

HOW TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS FROM THE APES, by Will Cuppy (Methuen). A little book, as amusing as its title, by a famous American.

A FRENCHMAN IN KHAKI, by Paul Maze (Heinemann), is a book of War memories that is different. Written with observation and humour, and illustrated by the artist-author.

THE WHITE MONK OF TIMBUCTOO, by William Seabrook (Harrap), is the fascinating biography of a remarkable man whose career began as a missionary, and who is now the father of thirty native children and the chief agent for native affairs in Timbuctoo.

THE WANDERING PRINCE, by L. Dumont-Wilden (Bell), is the story of the failure of the Young Pretender. A study remarkable for its detachment and good judgment.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, Vol. II, by Viscount Snowden (Ivor Nicholson), contains important chapters on the formation of the first and second Labour Governments, and much caustic comment on his colleagues.

FORTUNE GRASS, by Mabel Lethbridge (Geoffrey Bles), is the courageous account of a life spent unconventionally (in spite of terrible physical handicaps), and including such varied jobs as estate agent and hirer of stools to pit queues.

THOROUGHBRED AND HUNTER, by William Fawcett (Eyre and Spottiswoode). An authoritative book on racehorses and hunters, illustrated by Lionel Edwards.

BROWN JACK, by R. C. Lyle (Putnam). The most famous racehorse in the world has his own biography written.

A FOX-HUNTER'S ANTHOLOGY, compiled by Peter Lewis (Lovat Dickson). An exceptionally attractive book, and a very fine piece of book production.

On page 436 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past few weeks.

AN IRISH COMEDY WITH A HINT OF TRAGEDY: Commandant Lanigan (Fred O'Donovan) explains to Herr Tauch (Bruce Belfrage) and Mr. Dobelle (Charles Carson) why, although on the side of law and order, he is still a gunman. A scene from *The Moon in the Yellow River* which, after a successful preliminary run at the Westminster, has now been transferred to the Haymarket

Plays of the Hour

"The Moon in the Yellow River"—One of London's Most Outstanding Shows: Good Acting by the Baddeleys at the Duke of York's

By PHILIP PAGE

"The Greeks had a Word for It."—Yes. But what word? If by "it" is meant a process, gold-digging in the figurative sense had no Greek equivalent. If the reference is more personal, I cannot picture any points of contact between Aspasia and the trio of hard-boiled Hannahs who keep the pot a-boiling and the fun a-going in the latest effort of the Duke of York's Theatre's management to attract a possibly diffident public.

The *hetairae* of classical Greece were women of education and intelligence as well as of physical allure, and they lived up to their euphemistic title of companions. The art of companionship was in Polaire, Schatze, and Jean as limited as their brain power; limited, that is to say, to the more sordid if more strenuous aspect of the oldest profession in the world.

If the Greeks had a word for them we do not know what it was, for it is unlikely that they ever printed it. One day, perhaps, some long-buried palimpsest will bring it to light, and then Miss Zoë Akin's play will have to have a sequel.

Polaire, Schatze, and Jean have flourished in the world of reality, particularly in America, for a long time, and are no strangers in fiction. Miss Anita Loos introduced us to their blood-sister in the person of Lorelei, the heroine of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

Lorelei, it may be remembered, had been educated, her education having been undertaken by Mr. Gus Eisman, the button-king of Chicago. "I mean," wrote this young lady, "it seems to me a gentleman like Gus Eisman, who has a friendly interest in educating a girl, would want her to have the biggest square-cut diamond in New York."

The chief aim, however, of Miss Akins' trio was to cut each other out of education or, to be more precise, a possible educator.

A dreadful little piece, but undeniably amusing; dreadful in its exposure of what three musketeers of men-mulcting can perpetrate when they put what are alleged to be their minds to it.

The Misses Baddeley—Hermione and Angela—were perfect; Miss Hermione gave points to every line and Miss Angela showed that she now understands farce from A to Z. They pretended to get drunk together on a sofa without making me want to go out and get drunk in grim reality out of boredom and disgust, and I can think of no higher tribute. Much praise is also due to Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn, Mr. Robert Newton, and to Mr. Aubrey Hammond's pleasant scenery.

"The Moon in the Yellow River."—I saw Mr. Denis Johnston's *The Moon in the Yellow River* at the Westminster Theatre some little time ago, and, while applauding that management for producing so interesting a work, thought it a good play gone wrong. Not to put too fine a point on it, it was nearly killed by slow production and some sad miscasting.

The casting at the Haymarket leaves something to be desired, though not so much, but the pace is right and the details of the production so vastly improved that one can now realize to the full that this is up to the level of Irish plays at their best, and very nearly as fine a play as *Juno and the Paycock*.

There are, of course, what the late A. B. Walkley was so fond of calling "*longueurs*." A Mr. Blake talks and talks and talks in an Irish and discontented and melancholy and poetical and rather beautiful way; which is fascinating until the music is revealed as being the same tune over and over again, and the words nothing in particular. There is so much in all the Irish drama that reminds me of W. S. Gilbert's *Bab Ballads*.

"His gentle spirit rolls
In the harmony of souls."

(Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means.)

One can be pretty sure of finding in such plays unexpected tragedy in the form of a man in a raincoat carrying a revolver and killing somebody with it. He is a gunman, now on the side of law and order, and his victim talked rather too well and played the piano not quite well enough. There are other explosions. The German engineer—about the only sane person in the piece—has the power-house on which he had spent such pains blown to bits because some idealists considered that it spoiled the appearance of the river. I had always imagined that in such matters the Irish are as materialistic and as business-like as the French; but I am not Irish and, like everyone else who is not Irish, quite unable to comprehend the workings of the Irish mind. It is typical, by the way, that that power-house should have been eventually blown to pieces by accident. We are prepared for such happenings when we have seen two Irishmen tapping away at live shells and making a comic scene out of it.

The point, however, of the play—which we have been authoritatively informed it is easy to miss—seemed to me about the clearest thing in a foggy week. Equally clear is the fact that this is one of the best plays in London, strange fare though it be for so highly polished a theatre as the Haymarket—the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, if you want an added touch of irony in the production there of drama from Dublin at its most Dublinesque.

Mr. Harry Hutchinson, Mr. Charles Carson, and, above all, Mr. Fred O'Donovan are in the right vein. So is Miss Nan Munro. I missed Mr. Esmé Percy whose performance at the Westminster was so remarkably good.

Punctuality.—It is good that the question of punctuality at the theatre, particularly on first nights, should be raised again, and by the Society of West-End Theatre Managers, since this is a point on which theatre managers are notoriously resentful of criticism.

A few years ago I commented on the lateness of the rising of the curtain at the Aldwych Theatre on the occasion of some new production, and received in consequence a letter, intended to be withering in the extreme, from Mr. Tom Walls, who asserted that he refused to be dictated to by me as to what time he raised the curtain in his own theatre. My intention had only been to suggest that Mr. Walls should raise it at the time he said he would in the Press and on his programme, and I remain unwithered.

In this matter of unpunctuality I am, although myself an unpunctual person by nature, on the side of the public. True, certain members of the public will always arrive late, though it is not always their fault, for traffic congestion is to-day something with which no one can reckon. But punctuality would be general if the public knew that plays would start right on the advertised time, as if they were express trains to Scotland.

Managers argue that they keep the curtain down because the audience are late. This is a false argument and a wrong procedure. "It's bound to start late," is a remark heard at every pre-first-night dinner-table; and so there is no general willingness to bolt half a cup of scalding coffee and then to sit in a half-empty theatre for twenty minutes listening to a gramophone. When Mr. Cochran announced that the *première* of *Streamline* would start at eight o'clock precisely, and emphasized the point well in advance, he knew that his audience would turn up in time. And it was so.

There will always be a few defaulters. But the managers can make the public as a whole keep to the time-table if they keep to it themselves. Punctual is as punctual does.

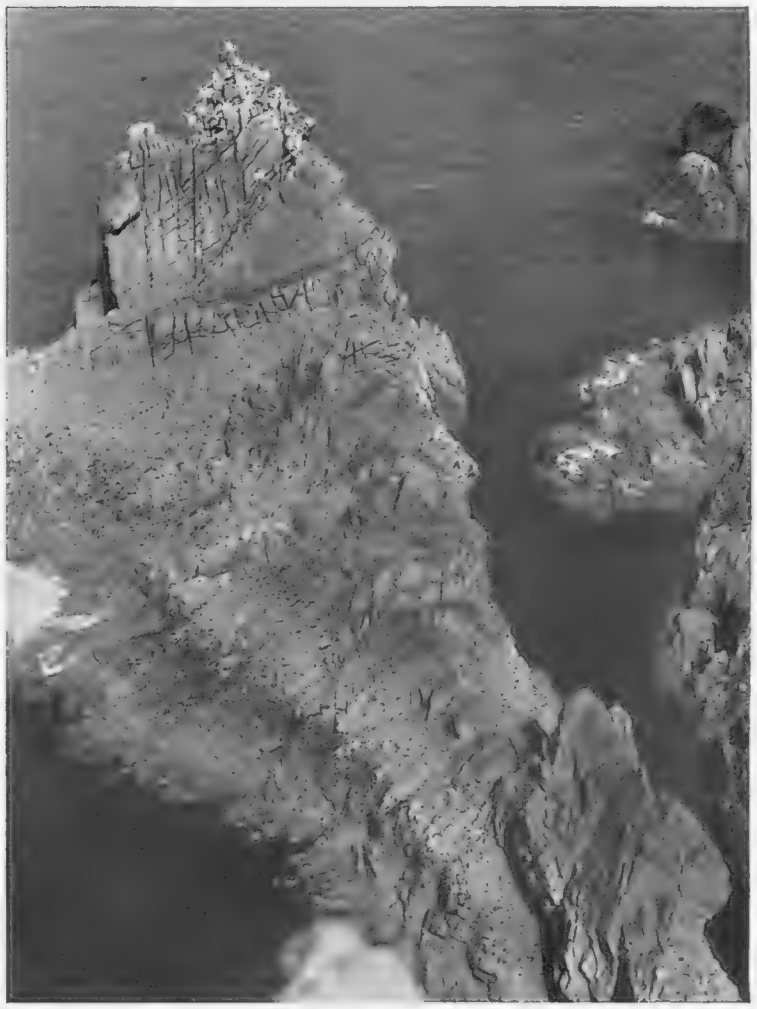
That five second acts out of six seem to start with the stage in Cimmerian darkness and the audience groping blindly and cursing audibly to their invisible seats is one of the drawbacks of theatre-going only heaven and the dramatists can remedy. But the letters denoting the rows of stalls might at least be illuminated. Too often does a stranger blast in one's ear through the gloom "Are you L?" One can only reply "No, but I feel like it."

ENTERTAINERS ENTERTAINED: The male principals and staff of the D'Oyly Carte Company, which is at present presenting Gilbert and Sullivan Opera at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York, seen with their hosts at a private show recently staged in their honour at the Lamb's Club—a famous rendezvous of the theatrical profession

TWO SISTERS ACT TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME: Hermione Baddeley (in private life the Hon. Mrs. David Tennant) and Angela Baddeley (wife of Glen Byam Shaw) who have leading parts in *The Greeks had a Word for It* at the Duke of York's Theatre

From the Country and the Coast

SURVEYING HIS DOMAIN: Mr. Jim Barnet, who lives in Dacre Castle, near Keswick, Cumberland, and farms the surrounding land. This old fortress once formed a first line of defence against the border raiders, and William of Malmesbury, the Early-English historian, records how Constantine, King of Scotland, came there to pay homage to Athelstan, King of the Mercians and West Saxons



On right—A JERSEY LANDMARK: A climbing party waving from the summit of Peak Rock. A picture taken from neighbouring Gros Nez Castle

PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES: Spraying a milk churn and milking buckets with disinfectant on a farm at Great Milton—the Oxfordshire village where the latest outbreak of foot and mouth disease has occurred and where 400 cattle, sheep, and pigs have had to be destroyed

ON THE WESTWARD ROCKS OF THE SCILLY ISLES: A grey seal rises up in anger at the approach of the photographer. There has been considerable criticism lately of the way these creatures are being killed, and it is estimated that over seventy have been accounted for in recent months

SHOWING HIS PACES: A view of the auctioneer's ring on the opening day of the Newmarket December Bloodstock Sales. Prices were moderately good, and on Monday a total of 12,198 guineas was realized—an increase of 2,651 guineas on the figures for the corresponding day last year

LEWES CHRISTMAS FAT STOCK SHOW: Farmers inspecting some of the steers. There were 127 entries in the cattle classes, the third highest number on record, while sheep were almost equally well represented. Lord Gage, the President of the Show, won three prizes for cross-bred lambs

PANORAMA: Typical scenery near the old town of St. George, the former capital of the Bermuda group of islands

BERMUDA

An Ideal Winter Resort

By EDWARD E. LONG C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE beauty of the isles of Bermuda is fantastic in the extreme. Within a space of twenty square miles lie 300 islets of limestone, resting on the summit of the large cone of what is believed to be a volcano rising from the submerged plateau of the Atlantic Ocean. The largest of these isles is but fourteen miles long by one wide, and this forms, with six other main islands—all connected with bridges—a sickle-shaped group enclosing, at its western end, an inland sea studded with islet gems of brown rock and green trees, of quaint shapes and all sizes from several acres to a few square yards, and with tiny coves where a boat may shelter, and where one's sense of seclusion is complete.

In the centre of this island chain is another inland sea, and at its eastern end there are two more, so that everywhere there is a wonderful combination of land and water. The islands are clothed with a vegetation of luxuriance, and their vivid masses of green, and sandy beaches of pink and white, surrounded by a cobalt sea, form an amazing blend of colour, and the crowning touch to this scene of loveliness comes from the great coral-clad reefs which ring the islands round, and against which the giant waves of the Atlantic lash themselves.

Here, in this Arcadia of the Atlantic, is the ideal resort for the winter months of the year, for the climate of the Bermudas then is perfect. They lie well outside the tropics—to be precise, 568 miles due east of Cape Hatteras in North Carolina, and they are nearer to New York than to St. Kitts, the farthest north of the British West Indian islands, but they are protected from all winter cold by the Gulf Stream. From November to April they enjoy a climate that is warm and sunny with a temperature ranging between 60 and 70 deg., a small daily fluctuation, slight rainfall, and a bracing ocean breeze. Life can only be lived to the full in the open, and the conditions for sport and exercise are so congenial that one derives the maximum benefit from one's holiday.

The islands have a wonderful variety of scenery. The north coast is low and very rocky, with a feathery fringe of tamarisk; the southern coast is high, with fine tree-crowned cliffs and picturesque inlets, and not far inland there are marvellous caves of stalactites and stalagmites, of most fanciful shape. The landscape is one of low hills and valleys, the former studded with groves of the dark green Bermuda cedar; the latter carpeted with wild flowers and ferns. There are hedges of pink, red, and crimson oleander, and of pink hibiscus, the convolvulus known as "Morning Glory" splashes the ground with clusters of purple bloom, nasturtiums grow in gorgeous masses of colour, and here and there poinsettias flash their whorls of flaming scarlet.

In such a delightful setting stand old country homes of quaint design, substantially built of coralline limestone, hewn soft, in blocks, from the ground, and left to harden, and which, of dazzling white, form a striking contrast to the wealth of green foliage about them. In their old-world gardens you will see trees, plants, and shrubs of sub-tropical and temperate climes in profusion—the palm, casuarina, tamarind and poinciana, myrtle, magnolia, frangipani, orange and lemon, the passion flower, bougainvillea, wisteria, geranium, heliotrope, rose, verbena, and violet; and beyond the gardens are orchards where mulberries, peaches, and pomegranates may be growing near to the loquat, the papaw, and the avocado pear with, not far off, perhaps, a strawberry or melon patch, and a plantation of bananas. There are large tracts of ground where early vegetables are grown for export to Canada and the United States, and in the few weeks before Easter vast fields of the beautiful Bermuda lily transfigure the countryside with their blossoms of purest white.

Historic and romantic interest abound in Bermuda. It is the Isle of Prospero; it has been sung by Waller and by Marvell. Here, for a few months, Thomas Moore once stayed—to fall into raptures with the island's beauty, and to make love to a fair Bermuda maid! Colonized by Englishmen as far back as 1609, penalized by Cromwell for remaining loyal to Charles I, made prosperous by privateering during the American War of Independence, again during the war of 1812, and by blockade-running during the American Civil War—Bermuda has fine old forts to show the visitor, and many a relic of the stirring days of the past. The old capital of St. George's, founded in 1612, has a court house which dates from that year, a church built in 1713—on an older church site—with communion plate the gift of William III, and rambling lanes lined with the quaintest of houses, for streets; and here, too, lies the heart of Admiral Sir George Somers, whose shipwreck on a reef near by resulted in the rediscovery of Bermuda and its annexation by England, to become England's oldest Colony.

For well over a hundred years past Hamilton has been the capital of the islands, a well-built town with fine wide streets, modern shops, good wharves, imposing public buildings, the Governor's residence, and a cathedral. It has a safe anchorage, is connected by good roads and by railway with all parts of the islands, and most of the splendid hotels Bermuda boasts are situated here, though there are others in various parts of the islands, notably in St. George's and at Castle Harbour where, on a hill overlooking lovely Harrington Sound, in the midst of charming private grounds, and with its own golf course and bathing beach, Castle Harbour Hotel represents the latest and most luxurious type of hotel accommodation.

For sport of many kinds Bermuda has excellent facilities. At several points along the coast there are sheltered bathing beaches, gently shelving to the sea, where the water is clear and buoyant, and where there are no sharks and no heavy undertow; sailing is ideal in the inland seas, and there is a good deal of yacht-racing during the season; there is plenty of fishing, with hand lines, for grunts, yellow tails, porgies and grey snappers; tennis is to be had on good courts at all the larger hotels and many of the guest houses, international tournaments sometimes being played; and as for golf, Bermuda is undoubtedly a golfer's Paradise, for it has seven courses, with mostly a rolling terrain, turfed with the famous "Bermuda grass," giving splendid greens and fairways. Cycling is extremely popular, and there are the most charming walks in all directions, undertaken with ease, for the gradients everywhere are slight, the islands' highest point being under 300 ft.

All information regarding accommodation in Bermuda may be obtained from the Bermuda Trade Development Board in Hamilton, Bermuda. Both Elders and Fyffes and the Pacific Steam Navigation Company have frequent services there from Avonmouth and Liverpool, with special return fares and special tours; and it is possible to travel to Bermuda direct from this country and return from the islands by one of the splendid special liners of the Furness Bermuda Line to New York, and thence by the North Atlantic Line to a United Kingdom port.

IN A SETTING OF TROPICAL LOVELINESS: The tenth tee on the popular Castle Harbour golf course

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

AN ENGROSSING PASTIME: Angling with hand lines from a bridge near the Castle Harbour Hotel. Note how the fish are visible in the crystal-clear waters of the stream

THE gift of health is the most precious of human possessions. Upon it depend true happiness . . . contentment . . . all the joy and bliss that life has to offer.

Good health is the heritage of everyone—a blessing to be treasured and cherished. And to countless thousands of persons, in every walk of life, delicious 'Ovaltine' has been the means of maintaining robust health, year in, year out.

'Ovaltine' is an original product, scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs. It contains, in the most easily digestible form, every nutritive element required for building up body, brain and nerves.

Long experience proves that 'Ovaltine' definitely stands in a class by itself for quality and health-giving value. It is without equal as the daily beverage for ensuring health and vitality in all conditions. It is the world's best "night-cap" for inducing sound, natural, refreshing sleep. Reject substitutes.

For Glorious Health — drink

'OVALTINE'

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3

P 89A

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Some Suggestions for Him

On right—Pyjamas which will wear and wash and always look well. Luvisca has the warmth of wool, the strength of cotton, and the attractiveness of silk, and it is made in unobtrusive plain shades or in interesting and carefully blended stripes. Extremely well cut and finished. Luvisca pyjamas will convince him of your good taste and good sense

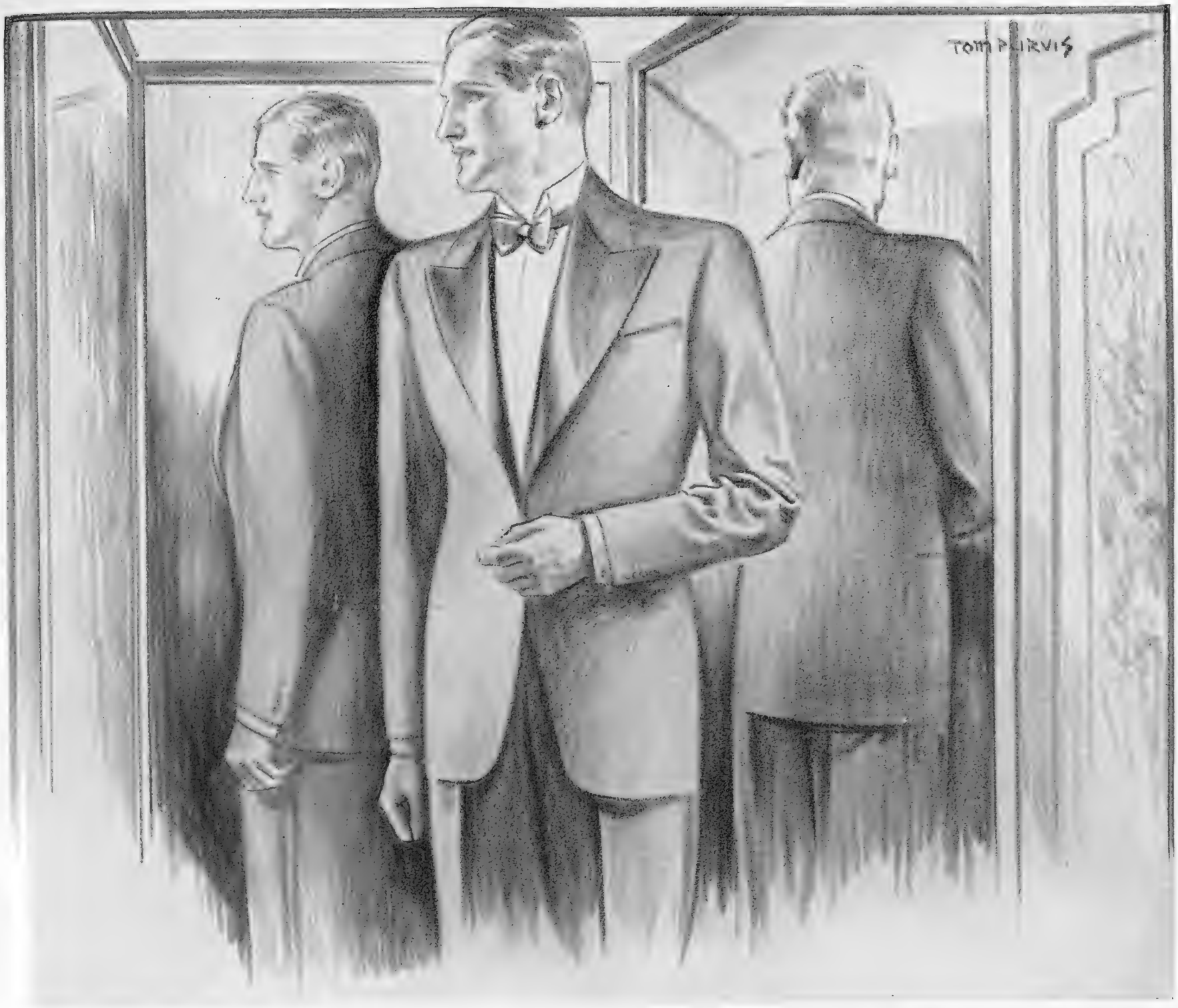
Below—Most men have very definite ideas about their own dressing-gowns, but if you go to Austin Reed and let them help you, you may rest assured that all will be well. Shown below is one of their admirably tailored dressing-gowns with contrasting revers and cuffs. It costs 35s. 6d. The pyjamas, which are made in excellent colours, are priced at 17s. 6d.

Below—For entertaining at home, or as an offering to a friend, Grant's delicious liqueurs are unrivalled. It would be difficult to make a better selection than Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy or the equally delightful Grant's Invictamint Crème-de-Menthe, but it would be a mistake to overlook their Ginger Brandy and Sloe Gin, which also have a wide appeal. All of them have a world-wide reputation and are the outcome of over 150 years' experience

Below—Always assured of a warm welcome, Crawford's Christmas Cases, containing three or six bottles of "Special Reserve" Scotch Whisky, make an especially successful gift. Fitted with hinged lids, leather handles, and two safety catches, they are obtainable from all the leading wine merchants. Crawford's "Special Reserve" Scotch Whisky is a blend which is well known amongst connoisseurs

Below—Here is Player's special "Cube" packing containing 100 Medium "Navy Cut" Cigarettes at 4s. 9½d. Very decorative, with seasonable greetings on the top and a space left for the sender's name, they are an admirable no-trouble gift which will give great pleasure. A tin of Player's "No. 3" Virginia cigarettes, or a ¼-lb. tin of Player's "Airman" Mixture, may each be bought for 3s. 4d.

On right—"Highland Queen" Scotch Whisky is so mellow and so exquisitely blended that it can be taken as a liqueur as well as a long drink. It puts the finishing touch to a perfect dinner, especially if its rare bouquet is inhaled after the glass has been warmed in the hands. Yet it costs no more than any other whisky. Include it in your Christmas Gift list—or buy it as a present for yourself. It will enhance your reputation and bring delight to your friends



An evening dress coat costs seven guineas ; a dinner jacket four and a half guineas; dress trousers forty-five shillings; a black waistcoat thirty shillings; white waistcoats, in ten different styles, from ten shillings and sixpence to twenty-one shillings.

. . you don't mean to say it's to-morrow night!

For the busy man time can flash by at an absurd speed. That is why the New Tailoring is so successful. It allows a man to equip himself for any function at the last moment with clothes made in advance by expert tailors. There are 151 fittings to select from—ensuring perfect fit for nine men out of ten.

151 FITTINGS IN THE NEW TAILORING

AUSTIN REED of Regent Street

WEST END: 103-113 REGENT STREET, W.1 ◦ CITY: 13 FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.3

Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol, Belfast, Norwich

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON P.15124

If you want to send a present to a discriminating smoker, choose De Reszke, the aristocrat of cigarettes. The Cork (Virginia) with filter tips, cost 2s. 6d. for the Flat Fifty size. De Reszke Minors in an oval tin cost 1s. for 30, or 15 for 6d. in the vest-pocket pack. Here is a gift, in a special Christmas packing, which denotes thought but gives no trouble

CHOSEN with CARE

Shown above is a gift for the family. A mirror that will balance at any angle, adjusted at the lightest touch of the finger, yet standing so firmly that it will not get knocked over, it is a perfect aid to a fastidious make-up, and men find it an ideal shaving mirror. The Anglepoise Mirror costs 21s., is chromium plated, and is mounted upon a strong back, available in several charming colours

The vogue for jewellery set with semi-precious stones makes present-giving a delight. Who, for instance, could resist a set of marcassite and opal ear-rings (£7 19s. 6d.) with a matching clip (79s. 6d.) and ring (45s. 9d.). From Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge

Below—A gift that will last—that will remain always charming, and that is as reliable as friendship itself—a Britannic expanding watch bracelet, which is absolutely guaranteed for five years. Made in various widths, with hooks to replace straps, they are available from £4 15s.

Above—No matter what colours have been used for the decoration of a bedroom, here is a fascinating brush set which will harmonize with it. Of English enamel on hall-marked silver, it is a six-piece set, the brushes set with pure bristles, and the horn comb mounted with silver. In powder or royal blue, eau-de-nil, mimosa yellow, or golden beige, it costs £7 18s. 6d., and in pink, £8 15s. From Harrods, of Knightsbridge. A real leather case costs £1 extra

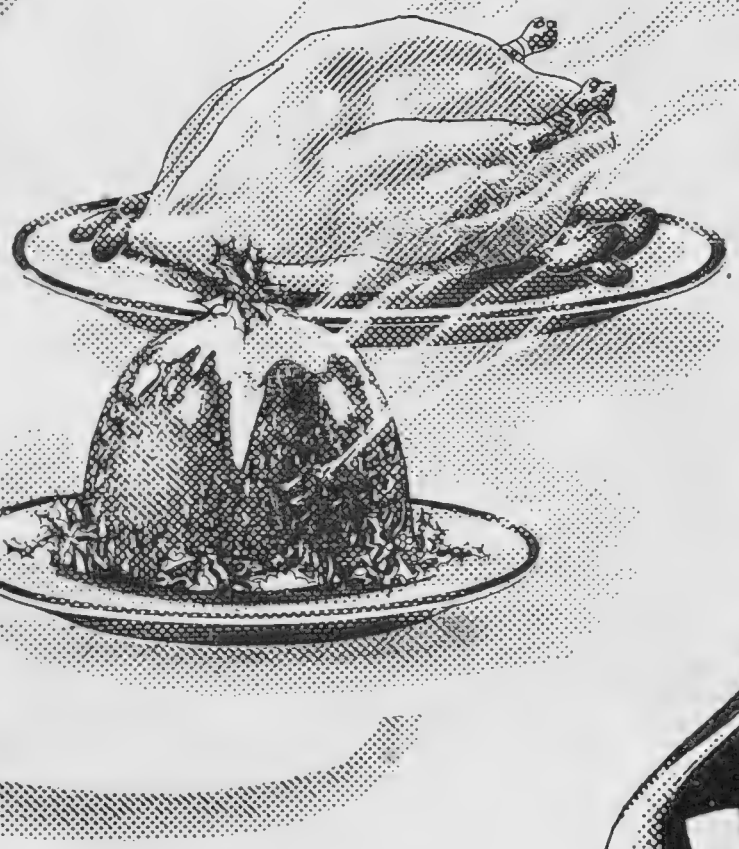
VAT 69

Liqueur Scotch Whisky

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS —most acceptable when conveyed in a case of VAT 69. In 2, 3, 6 or 12 bottle cases

Shapes that Recall Quality

The generous proportions of the turkey and the plum pudding—recalling that congenial quality of Christmas-time, generosity with good spirits. The shape of the VAT 69 bottle—recalling the highest quality in Whisky, the perfections of genuine liqueur Scotch Whisky.

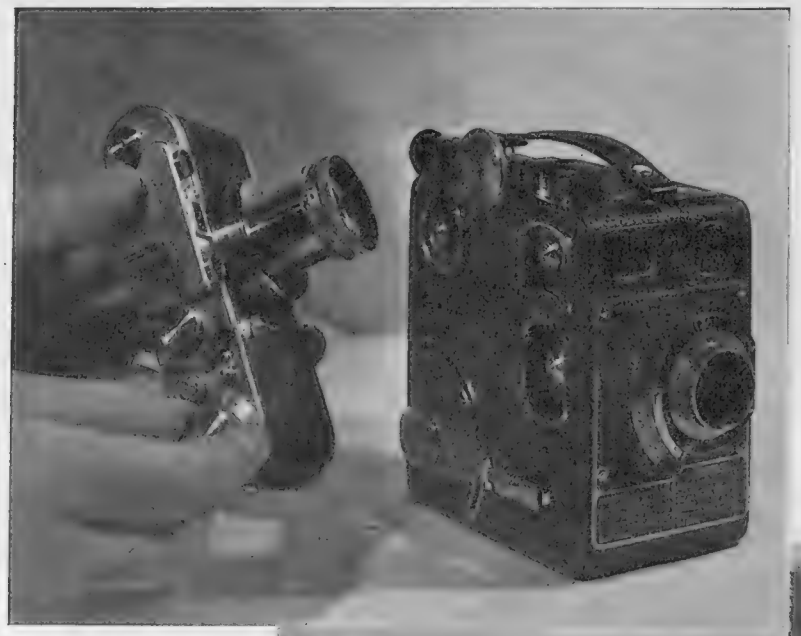


But neither bottle nor Whisky tells you that VAT 69 costs only the same price as ordinary whisky—a fact recalled with pleasure at all Wine and Spirit Dealers, Restaurants and Bars.

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863 BY *Sanderson's*

Quality Tells—

Mainly For Men



On Left—A Leica III camera with F 2 Summar lens. So versatile that it will take snapshots at night, indoors or out. Its automatic focussing enables lens-focussing and distance-measuring to be done in a single action. It is made in all-black or chromium models, takes twelve or thirty-six pictures at a loading, and can be carried in the pocket or handbag. The Siemens model "C" Cine camera is the perfect family gift, for it gives endless hours of pleasant entertainment. From Wallace Heaton, of 119, New Bond Street, W.

Some Commendable Ideas for one Family

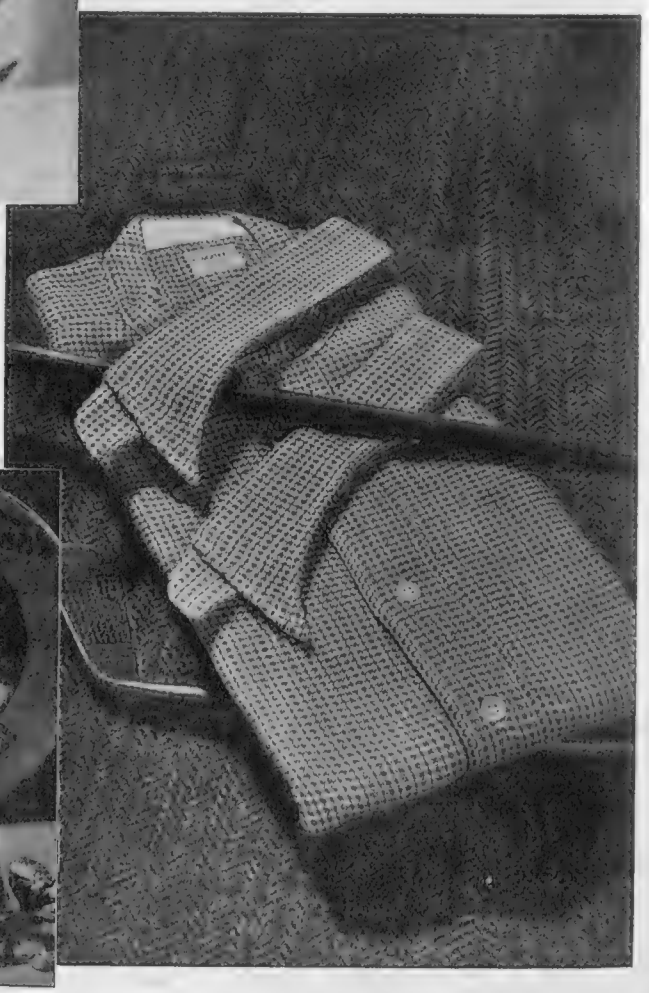
On Left—A Special Christmas case containing two, three, six, or twelve bottles of "Black and White" or "Buchanan's Liqueur" Whisky will win the approbation of any male friends, for both have a wonderful reputation and appeal tremendously to men who always order the best for themselves

On Left Below—Owing to its delicate orange flavour and lack of excessive sweetness Cointreau Liqueur has become one of the best-known and most useful liqueurs in the world. Delicious with coffee and in fruit salads, it is essential to the success of Sidecar, White Lady, and Silent Third cocktails

On Extreme Left Below—To send away, to keep for the delectation of your guests, nothing could be more refreshing than The Doctor's China Tea. Harmless even to the most delicate digestion, it is highly recommended by the medical profession. Sold only in sealed packets, it costs 2s. 8d., 3s. 2d., 3s. 10d., and 4s. 4d. per lb.

Below—Here is a shirt for the sportsman. Made in Aertex "Tweed Twist"—tweed effects in the true Aertex air-filled fabric—they are admirably cut, most comfortable to wear, and exceptionally strong. They cost 12s. 6d., with two collars, and are made in the newest tweed colourings

Below—Small nephews and nieces will love the "Cuddly Kitten" and the Aberdeen terrier shown in the centre at the foot of this page. Both are filled with Mackintosh's Assortment-de-Luxe, and cost 1s. 6d. each. The "Ballet" box weighs 1 lb. and costs 2s., while the "Christmas Carnival" 2 lb. tin costs 4s. and is a family favourite



MONTE CARLO

Those who have once tasted the uniquely subtle flavour of night life at Monte Carlo will inevitably return. A sense of life and beauty inspires it .... Cast your eye over the glowing supper tables, and consider the fantastic scene! Here you see no types, no persons whom you might encounter elsewhere, but a collection of individuals worthy of the fabulous elegance of the exterior setting, which so soon the sun will reveal.

Albert Sirvell

A gift that can be used every day and that lasts indefinitely always has a special appeal, for it is a constant reminder of the donor. Shown above is a "Swan" pen and "Fyne-Poynt" pencil gift set which is sold, complete in case, for 4 guineas. It is a very handsome set in rolled gold. The pen, which is one of the New Leverless models that are filled instantly by two half-turns only of the top of the barrel, can be bought separately for 3 guineas. Fitted with the usual "Swan" double safety cap, which enables it to be carried in any position without fear of leakage, it is covered by the "Swan" No Time Limit guarantee. The pencil is sold at 1 guinea

"A Merrie Christmas and a Guid New Year." Could any greetings be more heartening? You will find just how warmly they are appreciated if you send them with a special gift case containing one, two, three, or six bottles of that fine old Highland whisky, "Stand Fast," the product of Wm. Grant and Sons, Ltd., sole proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet Distillery. If any difficulty should be experienced in obtaining it write to Grant's, Dufftown, Scotland, who will arrange for supplies through your usual wine merchant

CHRISTMAS SURPRISES

Presents that can be Chosen Without Previous Consultation and Without any Fear of Disappointment

Most men are as fastidious about their razors as women are about their perfume, but any man would feel a glow of satisfaction if he found a Kropp razor among his Christmas presents. British made from Sheffield steel, it has a hand-forged blade which never needs grinding, therefore it costs practically nothing for upkeep. Only occasional "setting" is needed. In a neat case with a black handle it costs 10s. 6d., or with an ivory handle 18s. There are also upright leather cases containing two Kropps at 30s., 34s., and 45s. Include a Kropp bakelite shaving stick at 1s. 3d., or Kropp shaving cream at the same price, and you will have earned his most sincere thanks

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Forthcoming Sales by Auction, each Sale commencing at One o'clock precisely:—

Dec. 10.—Valuable **Books** in English Literature, The Property of a Gentleman, a private Collector. Illustrated catalogues may be had.

Dec. 11–12.—**Printed Books and Manuscripts.**

Dec. 11.—**Pewter, Furs, Needlework** and **Textiles** including the property of **Lady Laura Hampton** (dec'd).

Dec. 12.—Valuable **Pictures** and **Drawings** of the English and Continental Schools including the property of the **Rt. Hon. Feodorowna, Lady Alington** (deceased), and of the late **Sir Lionel Cust, K.C.V.O.** Illustrated catalogues (5 plates), 2/-.

Dec. 13.—Valuable **Modern Jewellery** including the property of **Lady Laura Hampton** (deceased).

Sale, Dec. 12.—Hendrik Swalmius, died 1649, Preacher at Haarlem, by Franz Hals.

Sale, Dec. 20.—Edward Gibbon's Bookplate.

Dec. 13—Important **French Works of Art** from the succession of H.S.H. Princess Tassilo Festetics (née Lady Douglas Hamilton), the property of **H.H. Princess K. E. Fürstenberg** including French and English Colour **Prints,** French XVIII. cent. signed **Furniture, Tapestries, Pictures,** etc. Illustrated catalogues (10 plates), 3/6.

Dec. 14.—Valuable English and Continental **Porcelain** and **Pottery; Works of Art** and **Statuary;** Fine **Old Furniture; Rugs, Carpets, Furniture,** etc., including the property of the **Viscountess Bertie of Thame,** and of **H.S.H. Prince Johannes Liechtenstein.** Illustrated catalogues may be had.

Dec. 17.—Egyptian, Greek and Roman **Antiquities; Native Art,** etc.

Dec. 17.—Upwards of **300 Unpublished Letters** from **Napoleon I.** to **Marie Louise** (Feb. 1810–Aug. 1814). Illustrated catalogues (8 plates), 5/-. Plain catalogues, 6d.

Sales on view at least three days prior. Catalogues may be had. Printed lists of prices and buyers' names may be purchased after each Sale.

VALUATIONS FOR PROBATE AND INSURANCE. SALES CONDUCTED AT PRIVATE HOUSES. LOWEST TERMS.

Dec. 18.—**Coins** and **Medals.**

Dec. 18.—**Objects of Vertu** including items of Napoleonic interest, also **Chinese Porcelain, Oriental Works of Art,** etc.

Dec. 18–19.—Valuable **Printed Books, Autograph Letters, Manuscripts,** etc., including the Diary of the Empress Marie Louise (1810–13), the property of **Lady Thompson.** Illustrated catalogues (7 plates), 3/-.

Dec. 19.—**Pictures** and **Drawings.**

Dec. 20.—The remaining Portion of the **Library** of **Edward Gibbon,** author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Dec. 20.—**Ivories** comprising the property of Miss **Lawrence** of Chepstow and collected by the late **J. E. C. Lawrence,** Esq. Illustrated catalogues (2 plates), 1/-.

Dec. 20–21.—**China, Textiles, Furniture.**

Dec. 21.—**Old English Silver** including the property of the **Rt. Hon. Feodorowna Lady Alington.** Illustrated catalogues may be had.

Sale, Dec. 21.—An Early Loving Cup and Cover by Paul Lamerie, 1717.

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We have long been recognised as the designers and makers of really smart and practical clothes for all kinds of outdoor wear, and our great variety of materials ensures satisfaction of each individual taste.

TWEED COATS from 6 gns.

FUR-TRIMMED COATS from 10 gns.

COATS AND SKIRTS from 8½ gns.

Please write for patterns and illustrated catalogue.

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Your face and hands are the first to feel the chill blast of Winter. They bear early evidence of the pain and distress caused by cold winds, rain and sleet, and their red, roughened and chapped condition ruins all beauty, besides bringing personal discomfort. Protect and beautify your skin this winter—get a bottle of Larola and use it regularly on your face and hands. There's nothing so good for the care of the skin. A few drops each time will keep your complexion fresh, your hands smooth and free from chaps. Gentlemen should also use Larola, before and after shaving. It softens the beard and soothes the skin.

1/6 & 2/6 a bottle

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From Chemists and Stores or post free in U.K. from

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Write for a copy of the interesting and informative Larola booklet, "The Cult of Beauty," sent free.

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via The High Seas Road

Can we assist you to take The High Seas Road to South Africa this Winter on that sunshine adventure you have promised yourself?

When the formalities of booking and departure have been completed for you by our Travel Organisation, and you finally gaze over the ship's rail as she heads for the open sea—then comes the true joy of your decision.

Ocean air, freedom and fresh contacts work wonders. Former doubts about getting away, costs, other people, strange lands, fear of unforeseen happenings—all those limitations of environment vanish in the wake of the ship. It is astonishing, too, how home and business affairs manage themselves and even thrive in one's absence.

"South Africa Calling" is a descriptive brochure that will interest you. Sent gratis on request to: Director, Union Government Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2.

Where £1 Sterling *equals* 20/-

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS

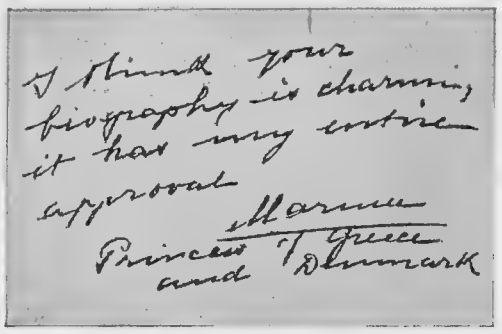
For Young and Old

The author of *Tschiffely's Ride*, that spectacular ride on horseback all through the length of South America, has brought his intimate knowledge of that continent down to the level of a child's understanding in a book entitled *The Tale of Two Horses* (Heinemann. 6s.). The two horses, Mancha and Gato, both born in Patagonia, tell the story of their life, of their early surroundings in the cold desert land, of how they were caught and trained by their master, whom they grew to love and trust. With him they travel over the Bolivian Andes, up to Central America, letting us know something of the conditions of the varied countries through which they journey, of the volcanoes, forests, and lakes, and of the many different animals which greet their surprised eyes. They let us know of their great delight when their ride took them along the lovely beaches of Peru, with the golden sands, white foam of breaking waves, against the deep, green blue of the sea. Mr. A. F. Tschiffely knows his South America well, and his horses intimately, but he does not quite succeed in making us believe that the horses are actually telling their own story, as they really know more than the most intelligent of horses!

* * *

The Life Story of Princess Marina, by Grace Ellison (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.). This little book appears at a most appropriate moment when everyone is talking and thinking about the lovely Princess who has come to England to marry into our Royal Family and live among us. We knew very little about her personally till a few months ago, only that she was the daughter of Prince Nicolas of Greece, the brother of King Constantine. Miss Ellison, who writes in a simple unaffected way, has let us know about the early life of the most-talked-of Princess at the moment, of her happy childhood in lovely Greece, and of the tragic circumstances which drove her family from their country into poverty and exile.

The book is well illustrated with photographs showing Princess Marina in all stages, from babyhood, childhood, with her governess, and her parents, up to the time of her engagement to Prince George, the Duke of Kent. The Princess stands out as a little girl of character, by no means always good, but very lovable, clever, and attractive—and she gives the book her approbation in a signed message to the author: "I think your biography is charming, it has my entire approval."



TOPICAL BIOGRAPHY: What Princess Marina says of her life story by Grace Ellison, which was published by Messrs. Heinemann. The Princess signed "of Greece and Denmark"

* * *

The Children's Matinée, by Noel Streatfeild (Heinemann. 6s.). Anyone who is thinking of getting up a children's play, either for a school performance or charity entertainment, would be well advised to get this book and get some hints from the author as to the general management. She stresses the need of selecting children who are not over ten years old, as at that age school is not so important, and of choosing plays where the dresses can be made very simply. The eight plays given here have all been produced by Miss Streatfeild, who gives stage directions for each one. They are naturally very simple, suited to the young actors, and some of them seem almost too short, but others like *The Princess and the Pea* are quite good.

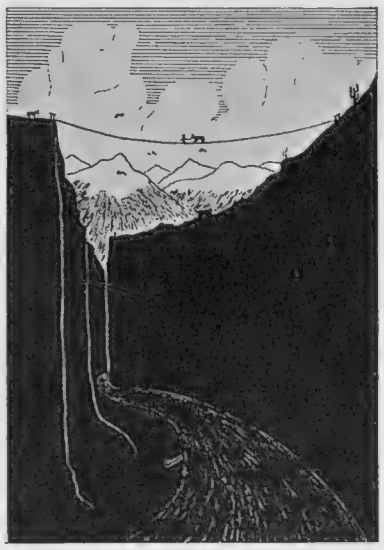
* * *

Messrs. Chambers have catered well for young people during the Christmas holidays. Parents will find that their boys and girls will settle down quite contentedly on a wet afternoon with some of their 3s. 6d. books, which are bright with pictures. Boys with historical tastes will seize upon *Under the Golden Dragon*, by Escott Lynn, which gives an account of King Alfred's days, with plenty of intrigue and adventure. The young hero, Leofric, is the King's standard bearer, carrying the Golden Dragon of Wessex, and comes in for much fighting against the Danes.

Under the Upas Tree, by David Ker, tells of the adventures of two boys, Dick and Jim Grant, in New Guinea, making this little-known land a place of great interest. Though girls are usually keen on their brothers' books there are two school stories specially for them. *Lilt from the Laurels*, by Anne Maidment, is a very pleasant story about quite normal girls, who have troubles and adventures, too, at school. *Chalet School and the Lintons*, by Elinor Brent-Dyer, is another of the Chalet School series, which are well known and appreciated. This one is quite up to the good standard.

* * *

Mr. William Fawcett discusses with the authority of his great position in the sporting world, in *Thoroughbred and Hunter* (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.), the breeding, training, and management of racehorses and hunters from foalhood to maturity. He describes the laying-out of a stud farm, the paddocks, and pasturage required (insisting that horses love fine closely-growing herbage), the choosing of brood mares, and, in fact, all the subjects which are indispensable for those interested in racing and hunting. He assures us that the book is the result of his personal experience among stud farms in England, Ireland, and France. It is illustrated with crayon drawings by Mr. Lionel Edwards, R.I.



THE HANGING BRIDGE ACROSS THE CANYON: A pen and ink drawing from *The Tale of Two Horses*—a delightful children's book written and illustrated by A. F. Tschiffely, with a preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Published by Messrs. Heinemann)

* * *

The Kingdom of the Camera, by T. Thorne Baker (Bell. 7s. 6d.). The art of photography began, we are told, some 360 years ago when "drawing by light" was discovered by a certain Italian gentleman named Daniello Balbaro, who built for himself a big camera in which he could sit and draw on a piece of paper the image cast upon it by rays of light from a spectacle lens. Photography now does the drawing for us mechanically because we have discovered those chemical substances which are affected by light.

Mr. Thorne Baker, from

(Continued on p. 434)

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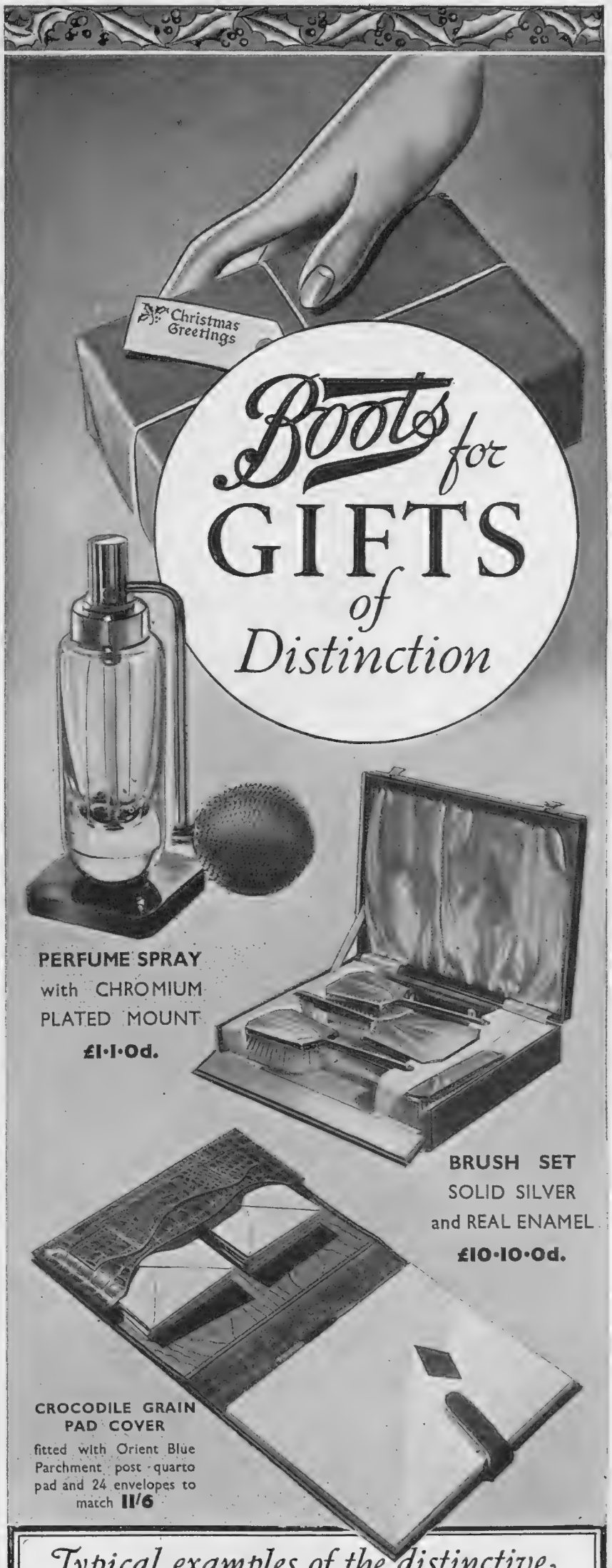

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CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS

(*Continued from p.* 432)

his expert knowledge, gives a very readable account of the century's progress in the photographic world and of the present conditions. There are chapters dealing with the work of the camera in the air, in industry, in the motion picture, in the medical world, and television, which are very informative. Many of us possibly forget that the celluloid film came originally from forest land—woodpulp made into guncotton and transformed by a mixture of spirit and ether, camphor and castor oil, and then cast upon huge revolving wheels of polished steel, until it becomes a jelly and is dried.

* * *

There is really no need to introduce *A History of Everyday Things in England*, by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell (Batsford. 8s. 6d.), as everyone in England already knows and values the Quennell method of teaching the history of the past centuries, from the Stone Age downwards. But this Christmas Season has brought forth a further and concluding member of the series—Part IV, the Age of Production—from 1851 to the present year. The first volume appeared in 1918, having been composed in intervals of war work, and was immediately welcomed, being sold as fast as the printers could produce it.

It supplied a long-felt want, the illustrated supplement to the ordinary political history giving information as to the dress, food, and manner of living of the ordinary people throughout the ages. And now this last volume, with its fascinating illustrations, carries the same kind of information from the days of Queen Victoria to our own.

* * *

As one turns the pages of *English Villages and Hamlets*, by Humphrey Pakington (Batsford. 7s. 6d.), and scans the many illustrations one realizes that, if the camera does not lie, there are many villages still untouched to be seen in this fair land. There are several delightful colour drawings by Mr. Sydney R. Jones, and no less than 130 photographs by means of which one sees all the varying types of architecture to be found in the different counties of England.

There are the brick villages of the Home Counties, the cot and thatch of the West, the stone houses of the North and of the Cotswolds—every kind of village indeed—and seen, too, from aeroplanes, hill-tops, and across the river marshes. Some of them seem designed for portraiture, they are so beautifully posed, with their snug little houses around the village green, and a demure church with a squat tower, cunningly placed in the right spot. One hopes that these views are not merely lucky bits, with ugliness round the corner, that "a herd of wild bungalows," as Mr. E. V. Knox describes them in his foreword, is not waiting to trample them down.

A RARE SURVIVAL: An old Dorsetshire hay wagon with the name painted on the front and set in a floral design. An illustration from the fourth volume of Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell's *History of Everyday Things in England*, which deals with the years 1851–1934 and completes the series. (B. T. Batsford, Ltd. 8s. 6d.)

Those who enjoy stories which deal with Irish folklore will delight in *The Turf Cutter's Donkey*, by Patricia Lynch which comes with the recommendation of the Junior Book Club. It is charmingly illustrated by Mr. Jack B. Yeats with line and colour drawings. Two young children, Eileen and Seamus have many adventures in the magical realm to which the donkey brings them, meeting the leprechaun who had the wondrous power of changing himself into a ragged little man with a white pig.

SEAMUS AND THE GOLDEN EAGLE: Two of the characters in *The Turf Cutter's Donkey*—an Irish fantasy by Patricia Lynch, delightfully illustrated by Jack B. Yeats (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.)

* * *

Monsieur André Maurois is well known to English readers, who were captured by his attractive style with his first book of biography, *Ariel*, in which he gave his brilliant impression of Shelley. Lives of Byron and Disraeli have followed, and now comes *Dickens*, translated by Mr. Hamish Miles (John Lane. 5s.). It is not a full-blown, documented life, with intimate details, but owes its origin to a series of lectures delivered to French students. Its interest lies in the distinguished Frenchman's view of our great novelist, and of his vindication of his character which has of late been attacked with accusations of vanity and hypocrisy. He insists that "like many great artists, he was highly strung and impatient. His childhood was unhappy; his adolescence began with a disappointment in love; his marriage was a failure. These things suffice to explain emotional acts or reactions which would be condemned by the abstract moralist, but for which the confessor would give absolution." All lovers of Dickens will welcome this book and be keen to add it to their shelves.

* * *

Christmas is a time of merriment, good cheer, and good fellowship, but there are moments during the holiday season when a thrilling detective story can be thoroughly appreciated, even though it concerns grim murder and the tracking down of evil-doers. *Murder of my Patient*, by Mignon G. Eberhart (John Lane. 7s. 6d.) is guaranteed to keep readers thoroughly enthralled.

* * *

Two small books of amusing light verse have just been published by Messrs. Herbert Jenkins, which are just made for Christmas gifts for friends who are bridge enthusiasts or garden lovers. They are both by Mr. Reginald Arkell, and are humorously illustrated. All the foibles of gardeners, all the anxieties, expectations, worries, and disappointments which befall the eager worker in his own fair plot, are sketched in frivolous fashion; though only a gardener could know so well the horror of the green fly, or the irritating neighbour whose larkspurs are always out first.

Green Fingers, a present for a good gardener, is therefore just the thing to pack up for your friend who comes to the office with a button-hole, whereas for your club friend who relates his bridge hands in full detail, *Bridge Without Sighs* is the obvious gift. He cannot fail to chuckle, stern though he may be on the rigour of the game, as the varying types of players, so well known to us all, are amusingly presented.

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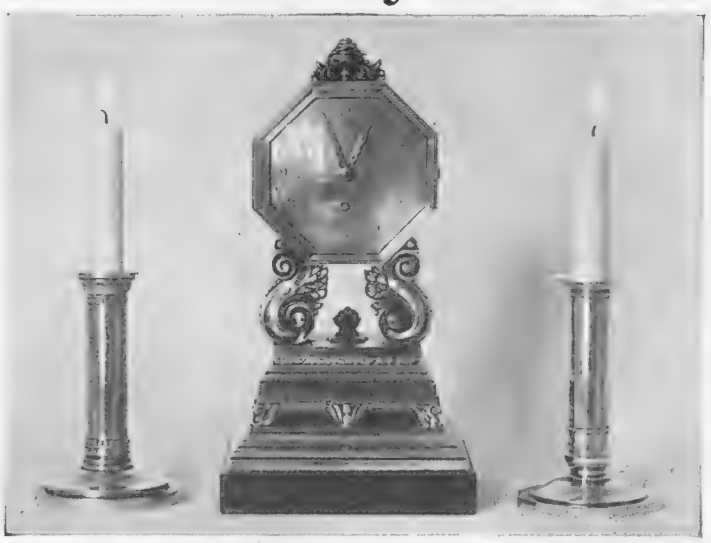

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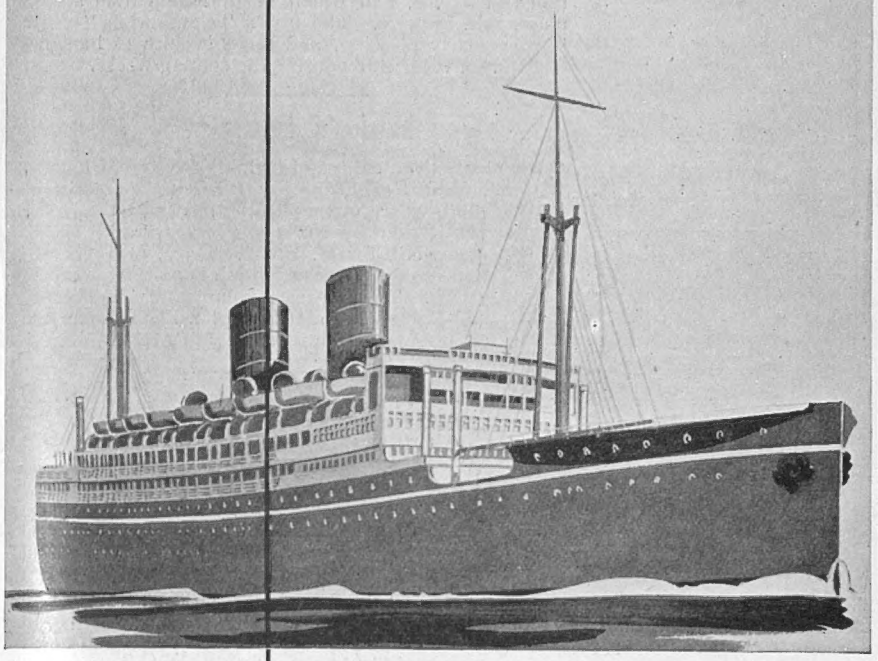

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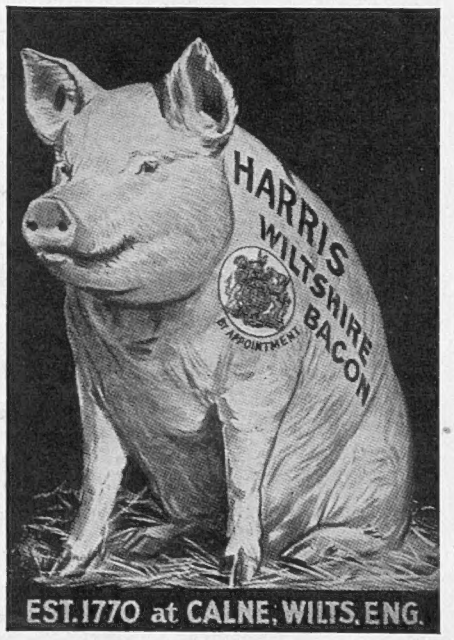

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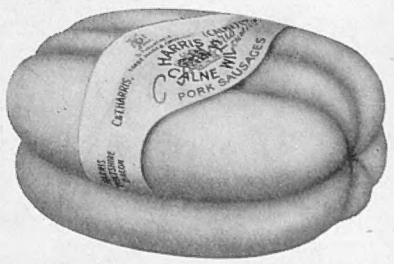

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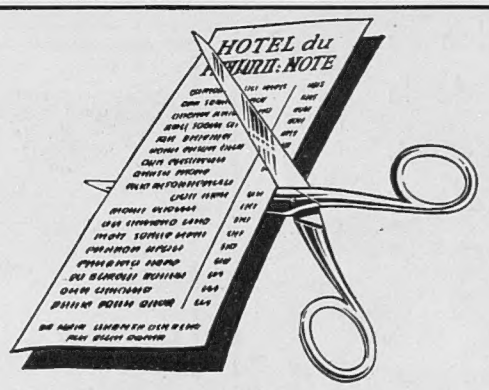

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

P., Biarritz (Corfu).—The average temperature of Corfu during December, is 53 deg. F., during January 50 deg. F., and during February 52 deg. F. The rainy season is from November to December, November and December being the wettest months, while January is very often fine. The rain is not incessant, and between the showers the weather is fine and sunny. The best season in which to visit Corfu is from mid-March to June, when the spring flowers present a wonderful sight, or during September and October. The only hotel on the island which can be recommended is the Angleterre et Belle Venise, where you could live for 8s. or 9s. per day. The best way of travelling to Corfu is by boat from Venice or Trieste, the trip down the coast of Yugoslavia being extremely lovely. One can also travel to Brindisi by train and make the short crossing from there to Corfu. Both sea routes can be somewhat rough during December, January, and February. Corfu is under Greek rule and is not, in spite of its beauty, very much visited by tourists at the present time.

N., Northants (France). — The P.L.M. motor-coach journey from Nice to Marseilles can be made in one day, the coach leaving Nice at 8 a.m., arriving in Marseilles at 6 p.m. A special return ticket can be had for 120 francs, which is valid for ten days. The single fare is 70 francs. A small resort near Marseilles is La Ciotat, where the Hotel Lyon is comfortable though small. In Nice we can recommend the Villa Kléber, with *en pension* prices from 35 francs per day.

H., Holland (England).—As you require the warmest climate possible in England, together with one which is soft and equable, we would advise you to select some resort on the south coast of Cornwall or Devonshire. Falmouth has considerable reputation as a health resort, the mean annual temperature being 50·8 deg. F., while the climate is more equable than that of Madeira. The atmosphere is extremely mild and rather relaxing. If you prefer to be in a larger town we suggest Torquay, which enjoys a similar climate to that of Falmouth. Comfortable hotels in both towns include the Falmouth Hotel and the Babbacombe Cliffs Hotel in Torquay.

C., Sussex (Morocco).—The climate of the Atlantic coast of Morocco is more equable, though not so dry, as that of the interior. At Casablanca on the coast the mean January temperature is 55·4 deg. F., while it never falls below 41 deg. F. even on the coldest night. Mists however are frequent, especially in the early morning. At Fez and Marakesh in the interor it is hot in the sunshine, but cold in the shade and after sundown. White frosts are frequent at night in December and January at Fez, while the weather during these months is variable, sometimes very dry and sometimes very wet. Cold easterly winds occasionally blow. Wet spells sometimes occur in Marakesh during January and March, but on the whole the climate is dry and healthy, though the atmosphere is occasionally somewhat dusty.

G., Lancs (Czechoslovakia and Austria).—Anatal and Mader are Czechoslovakian villages in the Bohemian Forest. The scenery there is extremely lovely, being hilly and wooded. The roads are suitable for motoring, and there is a good service of motor buses between the various towns and villages of the district. Hotel accommodation is most inexpensive, but it would be advisable to stay at some small town such as Babylon, from where you could explore the district. Hinterbrühl and Gumpoldkirchen are situated in the Brühlertal, a wooded and undulating stretch of country near Vienna, famous for its vineyards and romantic and picturesque beauty. It is a popular excursion from Vienna, and many of the townspeople spend the week-ends and holidays there.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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